

M I S C E L L A N I E S,

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE,

I N

PROSE AND VERSE,

COLLECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS,

AND IMPROVEMENT OF YOUNG PERSONS

OF BOTH SEXES.

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.

HOR.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

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MISCELLANIES.

————— KNOWLEDGE dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The meer materials with which wisdom builds,
'Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but incumber whom it seems t'enrich.—
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

YES, oh my soul ! there is a Supreme Being, who governs the world, and is present with it, who takes up his more special habitation in good men, and is nigh to all who call upon him, to sanctify, and assist them ! Hast thou not felt him, oh ! my soul, like another soul, actuating thy faculties, exalting thy views, purifying thy passions, exciting thy graces, and begetting in thee an abhorrence of sin, and a love of holiness ? And is not all this an argument of his presence, as truly as if thou didst see him ?

YE gaudy pageants of life's dubious hour,
How does each ruffling blast your honours rend ;
How often stain'd by sorrow's briny shower,
Ye hang your heads, and to the dust descend !

AN ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, genial pow'r, revolving spring!
 Thy blest return, O! let me sing,
 And aid my languid lays:
 Let me not sink in sloth supine,
 While all creation at thy shrine,
 Its annual tribute pays.
 Escap'd from winter's freezing pow'r,
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flow'r,
 While foremost of the train,
 By nature (artless handmaid!) drest,
 The snow-drop comes in lily'd vest,
 Prophetic of thy reign.
 The bright-hair'd sun, with warmth divine,
 Bids trees and shrubs before thy shrine
 Their infant buds display:
 Again the streams refresh the plains,
 Which winter bound in icy chains,
 And sparkling blest his ray!
 Life-giving zephyrs breathe around,
 And instant glows th' enamell'd ground
 With nature's varied hues:
 Not so returns our youth decay'd;
 Alas! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
 The spring of life renews.
 The sun's too quick-revolving beam,
 Dissolves at once the human dream,
 And brings th' appointed hour.
 Too late we catch the parting ray,
 And mourn the idly wasted day
 No longer in our pow'r.—
 Then happiest he whose lengthen'd fight
 Pursues by virtue's steady light
 A hope beyond the skies;
 Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,
 But rosy spring for ever bloom
 And suns eternal rise.

EXTRACT.

E X T R A C T.

WHEN I have taken my morning walk amidst dews and flowers, with the sun shedding lustre round him, and unveiling the happy landscape, how has my eye been charmed with the lovely prospect! How has my ear been ravished with the music of the grove! Methought, every note was a tribute of harmony, and all nature seemed one grand chorus, swelling with the Creator's praise—But, how has the scene been reversed, when leaving my rural Elysium I entered the haunts of men!—where I heard the tongue, prompt to utter, and fluent to express, every thing but its Maker's praise.

THAT fashions should so often vary from our justest notions of right and wrong, is not a thing to be wondered at, as they commonly take their rise from the court or the stage; neither of which is the school of virtue.

LET those, whose narrow views to earth confin'd,
Neglect the culture of th' immortal mind,
Of ev'ry vain amusement here grow fond,
Grovel in sense, nor know a wish beyond—
Let us, with nobler hopes inspir'd, arise
To brighter prospects, and sublimer joys;
Pursue unwearied the delightful road
That leads us onward to our Father—G O D.

AS few can judge with impartiality of their own character, none are believed merely upon their own evidence, who affirm it to be good.

WHOEVER has through life continued to become gradually wiser and better, has obtained a source of divine felicity, a well of living water, which, like the widow's oil, shall increase as it is poured out, and which, though it was supplied in time, eternity shall not exhaust.

IT is by the Sun of Righteousness alone that we discover completely our duty and our interest, and behold that

pattern of Divine perfection which the Christian aspires to imitate, by “forgiving injuries, and returning good for evil.”

A VIRTUOUS man enjoys more peace in adversity, than a wicked man in prosperity.

The SONG of SIMON paraphrased.

’TIS enough—the hour is come
Now within the silent tomb;
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies oft of old,
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and stedfast prove,
God of truth and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye,
Sees the Day-spring from on high,
Sun of Righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee,
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob’s star;
Waiting till the promised ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams intensely shed,
Shine o’er Sion’s favour’d head;
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

IT is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment, which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age.—For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will

will come when we shall out-grow the relish of childish amusements ; and, if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased.

THE most sure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to set out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they should lead us, that custom soon makes the best habits the most agreeable ; the ways of wisdom become the ways of pleasantness, and every step we advance, they grow more easy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious head-strong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what security can we give ourselves, that we shall have either inclination, resolution, or power, to stop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have so long and so widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our strength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end ?

AN Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, " that time was his estate ;" an estate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

SPEAK well, or speak nothing ; so if others be not better by your silence, they will not be worse by your discourse.

A W I S H.

FROM all the busy scenes of life,
The noise of war ! the Senate's strife,
The empty sounds of rising fame,
And heroes bleeding for a name,

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Grant

Grant me, O Pow'r Supreme, a place,
 Where all these jarring tumults cease.
 Have just enough, to bear me o'er
 The stage of life, nor rich, nor poor,
 But blest amidst some rural scenes,
 Of purling brooks, and flow'ry greens,
 Enraptur'd rove,—and there enjoy,
 What man can't give, nor man destroy.

A PRAYER.

O! gracious God, regard a suppliant's prayer;
 Sooth all my pangs, and save me from despair;
 Illuminate my soul with gladsome rays,
 And tune my voice to thy eternal praise;
 Dispel the clouds of darkness from my eyes,
 And make me know that to be good is wise!
 Let Christian precepts all my soul employ,
 And be not more my duty than my joy!
 Let conscience, void of art, and free from guile,
 Still in my bosom innocently smile;
 Hence shall I learn my talent to improve,
 If poor, by patience; and if rich, by love:
 If fortune smiles, let me be virtue's friend,
 And where I go let charity attend;
 Within my bosom let compassion dwell,
 To soften all the woes which others feel;
 T'assuage, by kind relief, affliction's sighs,
 And wipe the falling tear from widows eyes;
 To feed the hungry, the distress'd to cheer,
 The needy succour, and the feeble rear;
 Hence shall my mind inflam'd with public good,
 Unshaken stand in midst of plenty's flood.

ODE to a FRIEND.

THINK not that I'm unsocial grown,
 Because I leave the busy town.
 No cynic manners I approve,
 But friendship's purest blessings love.

Our

Our mutual failings make us own,
 We were not born to live alone.
 Tis true, my friend, I am a foe
 To empty trifles, noise, and shew;
 To practises of ev'ry kind,
 That taint the morals of the mind.
 — Come taste with me the rural joys,
 Remote from hurry, pomp, and noise:
 Here let us view great nature's frame,
 And trace her whence her wonders came;
 Thro' all, bright marks of wisdom shine,
 That prove the forming hand divine.
 See how the ties of union bind
 Of beings, ev'ry sev'ral kind!
 Mark how yon rolling orbs above,
 Thro' fields of space, in order move!
 The lowly shrub, the tow'ring tree,
 Obey their Maker's fix'd decree:
 The ocean wide, the purling rill,
 And brute creation do his will;
 Perform their diff'rent tasks assign'd,
 While man alone to heav'n is blind.

Leave for a while the busy train
 Of mortals in pursuit of gain,
 What folly thus with toil to heap
 Vast wealth, which long we cannot keep.
 — Remote from envy, noise, and strife,
 That poison all the joys of life,
 Let me, like some fair tree, be plac'd
 Midst fragrant gales, and waters chaste;
 Let truth and virtue be the root,
 Then happiness will be the fruit.

WE ought to make a good improvement of past and present afflictions. If they are not sanctified to us, they become a double cross; but if they work rightly in us, and convince us of our failings, and how justly we are afflicted, they do us much good. — Affliction is spiritual physic for the soul, and is compared to a furnace, for as gold is tried and purified therein, so men are proved; and
 either

either purified from their dross, and fitted for good uses, or else entirely burnt up, and undone for ever. — Therefore may all, who labour under any kind of affliction, have reason to say with Job, “ When he hath tried me, I shall “ come forth as gold.”

A FALSE friend, like a shadow, attends only while the sun shines.

THE HERMIT'S INSTRUCTION to his SON.

BE thine those feelings of the mind,
That wake at honour's, friendship's call ;
Benevolence, that unconfined
Extends her liberal hand to all.
By sympathy's untutor'd voice
Be taught her social laws to keep ;
Rejoice, if human heart rejoice,
And weep if human eye shall weep.
The heart that bleeds for other's woes,,
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less :
His breast who happiness bestows,
Reflecting happiness shall bless.
Each ruder passion still withstood
That breaks o'er virtue's sober line ;
The tender, noble, and the good
To cherish and indulge, be thine.

IN bestowing your alms, inquire not so much into the person as his necessity. God looks not so much upon the merit of him that requires, as into the manner of him that relieves ; if the man deserves not, you have given to humanity.

HYMN to CHARITY.

O FAIREST offspring of the skies!
Bright charity appear!
In all thy native radiance rise,
Thy mildest aspect wear.

Let

Let thy sweet form serenely glide
 Thro' this dark veil of woe,
 Whilst soft compassion at thy side
 Bids streams of bounty flow.
 O banish from the widow'd breast
 The gloom of grief and care;
 The orphan's sorrows sooth to rest,
 And wipe off ev'ry tear.
 'Tis done—th' inspiring pow'r we feel,
 And wait her mild command:
 With social softness bosoms thrill,
 And hearts with joy expand.
 See from the lap of gen'rous wealth
 She takes the golden store,
 And deals out plenty, peace, and health,
 To all the virtuous poor.
 O! loveliest beam of light divine,
 Thy chearing warmth bestow;
 With thine own flame our hearts refine,
 And make it heaven below.

GOD is Alpha and Omega in the great world; let us endeavour to make him so in the little world: let us practise to make him our last thought at night when we sleep, and our first in the morning when we awake; so shall our fancy be sanctified in the night, and our understanding rectified in the day; so shall our rest be peaceful, and our labours prosperous; our life pious, and our death glorious.

GRATITUDE.

O! HOW amiable is gratitude! especially when it has the Supreme Benefactor for its object. I have always looked upon gratitude as the most exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has something noble, disinterested, and (if I may be allowed the term) generously devout. (Repentance indicates our nature fallen, and prayer turns chiefly upon a regard to one's self.) But the exercises of gratitude subsisted in paradise, when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in heaven, when "God shall be all in all."

HEALTH

HEALTH is a blessing that every one wishes to enjoy ; but the multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

GOD seems to have intended more by almsgiving than what we apprehend at first sight ; since the indigent are not only supported thereby, but the persons who confer the bounty have an opportunity offered them of promoting their own divine interest, inasmuch as charity is more advantageous to him that giveth than to him that receiveth.

POOR is the best that man can pay
That Pow'r, who guards him ev'ry day ;
Yet if his best, tho' e'er so poor,
Heav'n takes the mite—and asks no more !

VIRTUE rejoice ! tho' heaven may frown awhile ;
That frown is but an earnest of a smile.
One day of tears presages years of joy,
For suff'rings only mend us, not destroy.
Who feels the lashes of an adverse hour,
Finds them but means to waft him into pow'r ;
As health to bodies, bitter draughts impart,
So trials are but physic to the heart.

Extract from a POEM ON DREAMS.

THE virtuous mind, to whom all-righteous heav'n
The pow'r of bounty, with the will has giv'n,
Feels the same joys in sleep, he waking feels,
And, heav'n's blest delegate, its mercy deals ;
With sacred joy, he stops the rising sigh,
And wipes the falling tear from sorrow's eye.

HOW happy are those who have obtained the important victory of conquering their passions, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or the privacies of life, as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or the stormy sky.

HAPPY are those who live without ambition, distrust, or disguise. And happy is he who limits his desires to a private and peaceable manner of life, wherein it is less difficult to be virtuous.

A MAN may be happy any where, that knows how to be contented: nature is served with a little, and we ought to esteem our irregular appetites as foreigners: if our fortune be not extended to the larger measure of our wishes, it is easy to contract our minds to our fortune.

BE ever steady to your word; yet be not ashamed to confess your errors, nor slow to indemnify those who may have suffered by your mistake.

KNOWLEDGE will soon become folly, when good sense ceases to be its guardian.

S O L I T U D E.

SWEET solitude, in which the good delight,
 Serene by day, and peaceful is thy night.
 Thou nurse of innocence, fair virtue's friend!
 Silent, tho' rapt'rous pleasures thee attend.
 Earth's verdant scenes, the all-surrounding skies,
 Employ my wand'ring thoughts, and feast my eyes.
 Nature in every object points the road
 Whence contemplation wings my soul to God.
 He's all in all, his wisdom, goodness, pow'r,
 Spring in each blade, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r;
 Smile o'er the meads, and shine in every hill,
 Glide in the stream, and murmur in the rill.

Extract

Extract from a Piece addressed to HAPPINESS.

ARDENT I seek the flow'ry road
That leads to thy divine abode ;
O ! deign to be my guide !
Waft my low bark with prosp'rous sail
Thro' ev'ry rough and boist'rous gale
That swells life's rapid tide.

And steer me to that happy shore,
Where no rude tempest's sullen roar,
Disturbs thy peaceful reign ;
Theré with thy genial influence blest'd,
Sweet smiling peace shall fill my breast,
And pleasure banish pain.

THE sweetest revenge is to do good to our enemies.

SINCE afflictions cannot be avoided, let them be patiently borne: it is not for any sort of men to expect an exemption from the common lot of mankind; and no person is truly great, but he that keeps up the same dignity of mind in all conditions.

KEEP me from each presumptuous vice,
From sin's dominion free ;
Then ever undismay'd I'll walk
In bold integrity.
Let all my words, and every thought,
Meet thy assenting nod :
O ! view me with benignant eye,
My Saviour, strength, and God !

HE who would be rich in time, must be as frugal of his minutes and the smaller portions of it, as he who would be rich in worldly wealth, must be of his smaller and inconsiderable sums.

HOW vain are all their pretences to love God who know little or nothing of him, who are neither acquainted with
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the glorious perfections of his nature, nor with the wondrous discoveries of his grace ! Love must be founded in knowledge. How vain are their pretences to love God with all their heart, and in a supreme degree, who never saw him to be a being of transcendent worth, of surpassing excellency, and capable of making them for ever happy ; who value their corn, and their wine, and their oil, their business, their riches, or their diversions, more than God and his love !

SUBMIT thy life to heav'n's indulgent care :
 Tho' all seems lost, 'tis impious to despair.
 The tracts of Providence like rivers wind,
 Here run before us, there retreat behind :
 And tho' immerg'd in earth from human eyes,
 Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise.

THERE is something ungenerous in consecrating the remains of a ruin'd constitution, and shatter'd health, to the Deity, while we have been dedicating all our youth and strength to the service of the world.

LET libertines their boist'rous pleasures boast,
 They are but noisy wretchedness at most :
 The tott'ring base of all the joys they know
 Is fleeting tumult, or delusive shew ;
 They rend the breast, as whirlwinds rend the sky,
 And, like the instant light'nings, glare and die.
 That lasting bliss, which bears a calm review,
 None but the wise and virtuous ever knew :
 And from this pleasing retrospect will rise
 The op'ning prospects of eternal joys ;
 In those bright realms, where perfect spirits live,
 Possess'd of ev'ry good Omnipotence can give.

The CLOSE of the YEAR.

SERIOUS and solemn tolls the bell,
 Which bids us bless the parting soul :
 Serious and solemn verse should flow,
 Which says the year has reach'd its goal.

Reflection ! bring thy wond'rous pow'rs,
 Aid us to recollect the past ;
 Well, if the present day shall yield
 A mind compos'd to meet the last.
 For sure as summer suns shall roll,
 And sure as wintry storms descend,
 Life, too, shall reach its destin'd goal,
 And all ideal prospects end.
 The mind resolved, the soul serene,
 May cheerful meet its latest hour ;
 And thro' each various change that comes,
 Defy the seasons, and their power.

WE should not so often hear complaints of the inconstancy and falseness of friends, if the world in general were more cautious than they usually are, in forming connections of this kind. But the misfortune is, our friendships are apt to be too forward ; and thus either fall off in the blossom, or never arrive at just maturity.

THE general duty of a friend is an industrious pursuit of his friend's real advantages ; fidelity in all his trusts ; assistance in all his wants ; and a constant endeavour for his advancement in piety and virtue : for so close is the connection, that it is the expression of God himself, speaking of a friend : " Thy friend, which is as thine own soul." Deut. 13.

OUR GOD is confined to no spot : his regards are limited to no community : he rides on the circuit of the heavens : his eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth : hell itself is open before him, and destruction hath no covering. He maketh the clouds his chariot, and the winds his messengers : all the elements fulfil his commands. Darkness is his pavilion ; the earth is his footstool, and in the deep waters his wonders are seen. All nature is his temple, all space his abode, every living thing is the workmanship of his hand ; and over all his parental care and tender mercies extend, without the least shadow of partiality, or the smallest tincture of envy.

Can

Can any one then contemplate such awful attributes, and not venerate them; such infinite perfections, and not adore them?

TIME is alarmingly short and fleeting: great need have we to husband well the precious minutes, which are to determine our eternal lot.

MAKE good use of time if you love eternity; reflect that yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured, to-day only ours, which, if we procrastinate, we lose; which lost, is lost for ever: one day present is worth two to come.

HOW unthinking must those unhappy persons be, who make it a common excuse for idle and pernicious amusements, that they do it to kill time?

HOW beautiful, how worthy of imitation, is the example of Epictetus, who guided only by reason, and under a weight of afflictions that nothing could exceed but the providence which attended them, and his own virtue, breaks out into these natural, these devout strains of submission: "Dare to lift up thy eyes to God and say, Use me as thou pleasest; I am of the same mind with thee; and perfectly indifferent as to all events—Lead me wheresoever thou thinkest fitting, I am ready to obey—I will defend thy providence before men, in every one of thy dispensations, and demonstrate the nature and reasonableness of them."

CLOSE your ear against him that shall open his mouth secretly against another; if you reject his words, they fly back and wound the reporter; if you receive them, they fly forwards, and wound you.

AGESILAUS, that great king of the Lacedemonians, used to admonish his friends against the immoderate desire of riches, so common to most people, telling them, "They should not study so much the means to enrich themselves

“ in money as in virtue and fortitude ; because, said he, “ they purchase money to little purpose, who are void of “ the real endowments of the mind.”

ONE of the most illustrious, but at the same time one of the most difficult, of the christian duties, is, “ to “ love our enemies,” and to pray for the welfare and amendment of them “ who despitefully use and persecute us.”—As therefore love and charity towards all such is so repeatedly and strongly enjoined us by our blessed Lord, we are under indispensable obligation to comply with it ; and if we duly observe this precept, we shall soon find the beneficial effects of it.

TRUE repentance is that saving grace wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God, whereby a sinner is made to see and be sensible of his sin, is grieved and humbled before God on account of it ; not so much for the punishment to which sin has made him liable, as that thereby God is dishonoured and offended, his laws violated, and his own soul polluted and defiled : and this grief arises from love to God, and is accompanied with an hatred of sin, a fixed resolution to forsake it, and an hope of favour and forgiveness through the merits of Christ.

TRUE merit is not afraid of being effaced by that of others.

PROFESS religion only to honour God, to do good to men, to sanctify and save thy own soul ; but by no means make it subservient to base ends.

WERE men sensible of the happiness that results from true religion, the voluptuous man would there seek his pleasure, the covetous man his wealth, and the ambitious man his glory.

PHOCION being sentenced to die by the Athenians, from whom he had merited the best of treatment, when he received his deadly potion, one of his friends asked him

him if he chose to speak with his son, who was there present: — “ Yes, by all means,” replied he. Then addressing himself to the youth, he says, “ Son, I command and conjure thee, to forget the ill treatment thy father meets with from the Athenians.” The distant hope, that their death will be avenged, is generally the chief consolation of such as suffer in this manner; but it was his last desire, that his son should entertain no thoughts of revenging his father’s unjust sufferings.

THIS, at least, is the present reward of virtuous conduct, that no unlucky consequence can oblige us to repent it.

SWEET religion, cheerful, mild,
Pleasure’s source, and reason’s child,
Come, array’d in heavenly sheen,
Come and cheer the dismal scene;
Hope bright beaming in thine eye,
Bid despair and horror fly.
Let us see thy beauteous face,
Come and dwell with human race;
Be but thou our helpmate dear,
We’ll begin our heaven here.

LIKE leaves on trees the life of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with’ring on the ground.
One race of men another race supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

AH! what a wond’rous likeness may we trace
Between the falling leaves, and mortal race!
Yet, yet how few the solemn truth receive!
Vain in pursuit, and high in hope they live;
A thousand fruitless schemes their thoughts engage,
Alike forgetful, or of death, or age;
Toiling, while health and strength their pow’rs supply,
With busy, restless, fond anxiety!
Ah fools and vain! and will they not be wise,
Nor know, that youth’s fair flower soon fades and dies;
And life’s quick moment, like a shuttle, flies?

AS the branches of a tree return their sap to the root,
from whence it arose; as a river poureth his streams to
the sea, whence his spring was supplied, so the heart of
a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

INVITATION to the FEATHERED RACE.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers hither fly,
And shun the noon-day heat,
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the live long day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude to mischief prone
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah quit thy haunt,
Yon distant woods among;
And round my friendly grotto chaunt,
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear
Domestic bird! to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve,
 Oh let me thus your friendship bribe ;
 Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plumbs belong ;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
 But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made
 Our mutual interests guard :
 Mine be the gifts of fruit and shade,
 Your songs be my reward.

AS the tradesman generally endeavours not only to attract the attention, but gain the custom of the passenger, by exposing in his windows some of the best commodities, so let every one endeavour, by his amiable conduct and behaviour, not only to attract the notice, but gain the friendship and esteem of all around.

WHATEVER thoughts give the mind a rational or religious pleasure, and tend to improve the heart and understanding, are to be favoured, often recalled, and carefully cultivated; nor should we dismiss them, till they have made some impressions on the mind which are like to abide there.

RELIGION, says Dr. Whichcote, doth possess and affect the whole man: in the understanding, it is knowledge; in the life, it is obedience; in the affections, it is delight in God; in our carriage and behaviour, it is modesty, calmness, gentleness, quietness, candour, ingenuity; in our dealings, it is uprightness, integrity, and correspondence with the rule of righteousness: religion makes men virtuous in all instances.

LET your recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful: if your life be sedentary, let it be more tending to the exercise of your body; if active, more to
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the refreshing of your mind : the use of recreation is to strengthen your labour, and sweeten your rest.

LET not the grandeur of any man's station render him proud and wilful ; but let him remember, when he is surrounded with a crowd of suppliants, death shall level him with the meanest of mankind.

HOW pride can so far intoxicate men's understandings, as to make them fancy they are exalted by riches and honour above other men, and, in the vanity of their hearts, to look down with contempt upon their supposed inferiors, is prodigious, as usual as it is. — Certainly it cannot be imagined that the richer cloaths create the nobler heart, or the choicer meats the more honourable blood.

THE more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in others.

WOULD'ST thou, O man ! avoid th' unbounded woe ;
Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures glow :
Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunder roll,
That rocks the trembling earth from pole to pole,
Retire ; — be deaf to grandeur's vain alarm,
Its gilded darts, that sting thee while they charm :
Let life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more ;
Pomp, beauty, youth, the bubbles of an hour !
Fix ev'ry thought on thy immortal part ;
Bid heav'n attend — then ask thy trembling heart,
How have I walk'd through all this mazy road ?
How liv'd to gain the plaudit of my God !

PRAYER and meditation have a direct tendency to keep open the communication between the Supreme Being and the soul of man : but the public worship of God hath the positive promise of his more immediate presence. What then shall we say to those, who use a thousand little pitiful subterfuges to justify their absence from the house of prayer ?

WERE

WERE once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
 Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
 How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
 And error, fraud, and superstition fail !

HYMN ON GRATITUDE to the DEITY.

WHEN all thy mercies, oh my God
 My rising soul surveys ;
 'Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
 Oh ! how shall words, with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart !
 But thou canst read it there.
 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 E'er yet I saw the light of day,
 Or hung upon the breast.
 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.
 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whence those comforts flow'd.
 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man :
 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
 It gently clear'd my way ;
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise,
 For oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

The following is the ADVICE of the QUEEN of SWEDEN
 to her SON.

CONTINUE, my dear child, to be exact in fulfilling your several duties ; the principal of which is the veneration and worship due to the Supreme Being.—Remember that moral virtue is in great danger, when it is no longer supported by Christianity : and that all great minds have a sincere love and confidence in their Creator, which gives them that noble assurance that is visible in every action of their lives.—God hath given you talents, and a heart not without sensibility : be careful lest it become a dupe to your sense ; it is a rock on which many a sensible man hath split.—Choose piety for your pilot, and you need not fear that you will err in your course.

In a Letter from the same to her Son.

CONTINUE, my dear child, to make virtue your chief study. Would you know your success before hand? It will be proportioned to your efforts.—Why should we balance a moment? We shall never grow good by chance. Wealth, honours, dignities, may come of their own accord, but virtue must be eagerly pursued. She is not to be attained without continued labour: but ought this labour to affright us, which, we know, will procure us all that is desirable? You must never hope to unite sensuality with glory, nor indolence with the reward of virtue.

SCARCELY an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, or but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superior bliss when this shall fade;
For soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide
Thro' wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights bestow.

THERE is hardly any sight that raises one's pity more than that of an enlarged soul joined to a contracted fortune; unless it be that so much more common one, of a contracted soul joined to an enlarged fortune.

A FRUGAL

A FRUGAL management of our pleasures might enable us to discharge the debt of mutual benevolence more perfectly, and to make ourselves happy, by contributing more abundantly to the happiness of others.

IMPATIENCE.

AN impatient man is hurried along by his wild and furious desires into an abyss of miseries; the more extensive his power is, the more fatal is his impatience to him, He will wait for nothing, he will not give himself any time to take measures, he forces all things to satisfy his wishes, he breaks the boughs to gather the fruit before it is ripe, he breaks down the gates rather than wait till they are opened, he will needs reap when the wise husbandman is sowing; all he does in haste is ill done, and can have no longer duration than volatile desires: such as these are the senseless projects of the man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who, by giving himself up to his desires, abuses his power.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, having drunk too much wine, happened to determine a cause unjustly, to the prejudice of a poor widow; who, when she heard his decree, boldly cried out, "I appeal to Philip sober."—The king, struck with the peculiarity of the event, recovered his senses, heard the cause afresh, and finding his mistake, ordered her to be paid, out of his own purse, double the sum she was to have lost.

THE sentiments of humanity incline us to comfort the miserable, and it is failing in the most essential duties, to abandon them in their pressing occasions: but it is utmost excess of cruelty to insult them in their distresses.

A FAREWELL to the COUNTRY in WINTER.

ADIEU! the pleasing rural scene,
Thick shades, and meadows fair and green:
The fields adorn'd with sheaves of corn
The walk at early hour of morn.

Behold!

Behold! with green no meads are clad;
 Behold the thrush sits mute and sad;
 No lively songster's warbling throat
 Pours joy or musick in his note.
 How bare, how naked seems yon bed!
 The pink is gone, the tulip dead.
 Where is the gay, the od'rous flower
 That blush'd so late in yonder bower?
 So fades the glories of the year,
 They blossom fair and disappear:
 And (melancholy truth) fond man!
 'Thy life's a flow'r, thy days a span!
 Almighty Sov'reign, bounteous pow'r,
 Whom ev'ry clime and tongue adore;
 Whose fiat form'd earth's verdant plain,
 And ocean's spacious vast domain.
 Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
 Parent of circling seasons thou!
 Hasten far happier days—and bring
 " One glorious and eternal spring."

WEALTH, employed in the service of merely temporal indulgencies, gives no pleasure in the retrospect, and can procure no favour from the just Judge of actions.

A TRUE friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

IN every ruffling storm without, possess your spirit in patience, and let all be calm and serene within. Clouds and tempests are only found in the lower skies; the heavens above are ever bright and clear. Let your heart and hope dwell much in these serene regions; live as a stranger here on earth, but as a citizen of heaven, if you will maintain a soul at ease.

SCEPTICISM and credulity are equally unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge. The latter anticipates,
 Vol. II. C and

and the former precludes all inquiry. One leaves the mind satisfied with error, the other with ignorance.

HOW vain are the designs of man!—unmindful of this transitory state, he lays plans of permanent felicity. He sees the purpose of his heart ready to prosper, the air-drawn building rises, he watches it with a beating heart, it touches the very point at which he aimed, the very summit of imagined perfection, when an unforeseen storm arises, and the smiling deceitful structure of hope is dashed in one moment to the ground.

The COMMANDMENTS.

ONE GOD there is, him only shalt thou fear,
Nor make to sculptur'd idols fruitless pray'r.
Take not thy awful Maker's name in vain,
Nor the grand sabbath of thy God profane.
Honour thy parents—blessings crown the deed.
Nor by thy murd'ring hands let others bleed.
Shun with the wise unlawful lewd delight,
Nor dare usurping steal another's right.
False witness bear not, and thy oath revere;
Nor madly covet what thy neighbours share.

BEING common place is perhaps generally less a proof of a thing's being too obvious and trivial, than of its being striking and important; for how striking must that observation be which every body makes? and at the same time how necessary is it still to inculcate the lesson contained in it, which has never yet been carried into practice.

IT is as possible to become pedantic by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility.

IT is a false ambition which leads men to aim at excellencies, however valuable in themselves, that are inconsistent with their station, character, or profession; or which in the acquisition must interfere with other pursuits of more importance.

SENSUALITY

SENSUALITY is a vice which contaminates the body, depresses the understanding, deadens the moral feelings of the heart, and degrades the human species from the exalted rank which they hold in the creation.

KNOWLEDGE is intrinsically valuable, as it elevates the mind, and qualifies us for higher degrees of felicity, both in the present, and in a future life. But with respect to others, it affords no claim of distinction, unless it be applied to their emolument.

REFLECTIONS ON the DEATH of J. W.

By a FEMALE.

SINCE all thy ways, O Providence, are blest,
And all thy dispensations speak thy pow'r,
Come, Resignation, sorrow-soothing guest,
To ca'm th' emotions of this painful hour.

But can I e'er forget the mournful day?

Oh, much-lov'd youth, thy parents fond delight!
When thy remains, consign'd to kindred clay,
Fill'd the dark grave to moulder thro' its night.

Oh may the awful thought turn ev'ry mind
From vanity to seek the paths of truth;
While such example with such virtues join'd
Endear the memory of thy blooming youth.

Had God been pleas'd to grant a longer day,
Till ripen'd manhood had each promise crown'd,
How might temptations have perplex'd thy way,
In paths where only sin and sorrow's found.

But heav'n's high King has early call'd thee hence,
From short probations to be known no more,
And gracious bade thy happiness commence,
Where angels reverence, and where saints adore.

How firm the union of congenial souls,
Which time nor distance soon can separate;
For still soft sympathy its tenor holds,
Tho' death hath clos'd the period of thy date.

If e'er my heart, to vain pursuits inclin'd,
Should prompt in pleasure's dang'rous walks to stray,
Thy happier conduct let me call to mind,
And learn from thee to choose a better way.

For the great end t'instruct and humble man,
Perhaps are sorrows oft in mercy sent;
And if this fruit's produc'd, 'tis not in vain
Our bleeding hearts thy early loss lament,

Tho' verse like mine can no eulogiums give,
By which some bards have ris'n to lasting fame;
Yet may this artless humble tribute live
A just memorial, which thy virtues claim.

AS the one pursuit of us all is happiness, by whatever different tracts we follow the chace, surely it might be well worth our labour to consult a little for the improvement of that heart-felt satisfaction, which arises from the exercise of humanity and benevolence. See that poor creature, just expiring in the streets for hunger;—go into that cottage,—the husband is lately dead; the miserable widow, stunned with the clamours of her little hungry orphans, sits weeping on the ground, in the bitterness of distress! What an exalted joy would it be to feed those hungry; to wipe the tears away from those weeping eyes, to gladden the misery of this desolate family?

IN order to keep out evil thoughts, always be employed in good ones. It is a true and pertinent observation, “Let the devil catch a man idle, and he will assuredly set him to work.” From hence learn the benefits of employment, and the advantages of society, business, and meditation.

LET the creature lead you to the Creator, the stream direct you to the fountain, and God be discerned in all. Let gratitude, for the mercies you enjoy, inspire you with devotion, and fill your heart with thankfulness and praise.

THE MISER.

HE would fain keep his riches to himself, without letting others partake of the blessings he enjoys; every shilling he parts with, though for common necessities, pierces his very heart, and seems to wound the inmost recesses of his soul.—Deluded mortal! for whom art thou laying up these golden treasures, and starving thyself in the midst of plenty? In a little time, death will summon thee to the bar of the Almighty; whose then will all thy riches be?

Answer to a Person who advised RETIREMENT.

YOU little know the heart that you advise;
I view this various scene with equal eyes:
In crowded courts I find myself alone,
And pay my worship to a nobler throne.
Long since the value of this world I knew,
Pity'd the madness, and despised the shew.
Well as I can, my tedious part I bear,
And wait for my dismissal without fear.
With sorrow mark mankind's unhappy ways,
Not hearing censure, nor affecting praise;
In humble hope, my future state I trust
To that sole Being, merciful and just.

POWER, abstractedly considered, is of little estimation; and may either dignify or degrade the possessor.—If you wish to derive honour from it, be careful to render it subservient to the happiness of all around you; and enjoy with gratitude, not with affected superiority, the exalted privilege of doing good.

THE rewards of virtue, and the punishments of vice, have generally their commencement here; but we look to the world that is to come, for their completion.

PAIN is often subservient to pleasure; and the evils which we undergo, for the most part, contribute to our improvement and perfection.

M E E R external beauty is of little estimation,—and deformity, when associated with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation.

PHILIP the III. king of Spain, seriously reflecting upon the life he had led in the world, cried out upon his death bed, “ Ah! how happy were I, had I spent these “ twenty-three years that I have held my kingdom, in “ retirement. My concern is for my soul, not my body.”

IT is very proper to leave the world before we are removed out of it, that we may know how to live without it, that we may not carry any hankerings after this world with us into the next; and therefore it is fitting, that there should be a kind of middle state between this world and the next; that is, that we should withdraw, and wean ourselves from it, even while we are in it.

PSALM 148—PARAPHRASED.

I.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme !

II.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair !
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
'Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

III.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing ;
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above,
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

IV.

Join, ye loud spheres, ye vocal choir;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid!
 Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
 Thou moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

V.

Thou, heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode;
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd yon worlds from night,
 "Ye shades, disperse!"—th' Eternal said;
 At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And nature sprung to light.

VI.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow:
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heav'n aloud; and roar Acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below!

VII.

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To Him who bade you roll!
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul!

VIII.

To Him, ye graceful cedars bow!
 Ye tow'ring mountains bending low,
 Your great Creator own;
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
 How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye

IX.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise!
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

X.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise,
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

XI.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

XII.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne!
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore!
 Praise him, ye kings! who make your pow'r
 An image of his own.

XIII.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
 O praise th' eternal source of love,
 With youth's enlivening fire!
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his blest'd Name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre.

HEALTH

HEALTH is not to be obtained by possessions, nor happiness procured by wealth, for the most affluent may be, and often are, the most miserable and afflicted in mind, body, or estate; life cannot be lengthened by abundance, nor heaven purchased with sordid gain.

A GENEROUS person compassionates the lot of those who are necessitated to toil for his benefit or gratification. He lightens their burthens; treats them with kindness and affection; studies to promote their interest and happiness; and as much as possible conceals from them their servitude and his superiority. The distinctions of rank and fortune he regards as accidental; and though the circumstances of life require that there should be "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," yet he forgets not that mankind are by nature equal; all being the offspring of God, the subjects of his moral government, and joint heirs of immortality. A conduct, directed by such principles, gives a master claims which no money can purchase, no labour can repay. His affection can only be compensated by love; his kindness, by gratitude; and his cordiality, by the service of the heart.

THOSE best consult their own happiness, as well as the good of society, who study to be quiet, and to attend to their own proper business.

CHARLES the V. Emperor of Germany, after three and twenty pitched battles, six triumphs, four kingdoms conquered, and eight principalities added to his dominions, resigned up all his pomp, and betook himself to retirement; leaving this testimony behind him, concerning the life he had spent in the honours and pleasures of the world; that the sincere study, profession, and practice of the Christian religion, had in it such joy and sweetness as courts were strangers to.

THE SWALLOWS.

THE SWALLOWS.

ERE yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
 And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
 The Swallow-race, with fore-sight clear inspir'd,
 To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.
 On Damon's roof a grave assembly sate;
 His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind;
 With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
 And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.
 Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
 Observe and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n!
 With us thro' summer's genial reign they stay'd,
 And food, and lodging, to their wants were giv'n.
 But now, thro' sacred prescience, well they know
 The near approach of elemental strife;
 The blust'ring tempest, and the chilling snow,
 With ev'ry want, and scourge of tender life!
 Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;
 For this, ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing;
 For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite,
 And prove their strength in many an airy ring.
 No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,
 To quit their friendly haunts, or native home,
 Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,
 In search of future settlements to roam.
 They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine!
 That warns them hence; they feel it and obey;
 To this direction all their cares resign,
 Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.
 Well fare your flight! ye mild domestic race!
 Oh! for your wings to travel with the sun!
 Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
 Till your long voyage happily be done!
 See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day;
 To-morrow on my roof your guests no more!
 Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away,
 To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How

How just the moral in this scene convey'd !
 And what without a moral wou'd we read ?
 Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
 And with his lesson register the deed.
 'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away ;
 Thus threats the winter of inclement age ;
 Our time of action but a summer's day ;
 And earth's frail orb the sadly-varied stage !
 And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
 Nor give us tidings of some happier clime ?
 Find we no guide in gracious Providence
 Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time ?
 Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
 That point the path to realms of endless day :
 That bids our hearts, nor death, nor anguish fear,
 This future transport, that to life the way.
 Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
 And form the soul for her divine abode ;
 Obey the call, and trust the Leader's care
 To bring us safe thro' virtue's paths to God.
 Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
 No doubts direct our steady steps aside ;
 Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die :
 Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our guide.

THE LOADSTONE.

FROM how small and inconsiderable causes doth the
 omniscient Creator produce the most important effects !
 Who would conceive that a mineral of this sort should
 tend to such extensive utility ! But we may observe, that
 in nature, as well as in grace, the mighty Master, as it
 were to teach men humility, and to deride the vast efforts
 of human power, thus constantly acteth, using the mean
 and apparently contemptible things of the earth, to con-
 found, we are to'd, the strong and the wise.—Let not
 then the low and servile appearance which our blessed
 Saviour put on among us ; let not the shameful death he
 deigned to die ; let not the obscurity of his apostles, the
 lowness

lowness of their births, the servility of their occupation, their ignorance of human learning, at all disgust or offend us : nay, rather let it confirm our faith, and satisfy us, that this is most agreeable to the sovereign Ruler's manner, and the strongest proof of his intervening power, to whom easy and arduous are the same ; who can work as effectually by the weak as by the strong : and who, from the meanness of the instrument, more abundantly confutes the arrogance of mortals, and establishes his own unparallelled glory.

PHILOSOPHY teaches us to endure afflictions, but Christianity to enjoy them by turning them into blessings.

COUNT OXENSTIERN, Chancellor of Sweedland, who had had so great a part in the principal negotiations of Europe, being visited in his retreat from publick business, by the Ambassador from England, in the conclusion of his discourse, said to the Ambassador, “ I have seen much, “ and enjoyed much of this world, but I never knew “ how to live till now ; I thank my good God, who has “ given me time to know him, and to know myself.”

AN INSTANCE OF LIBERALITY IN A CHINESE.

LO-OUAI-TE, who had an employment at Nin-que, went one evening to sup with a superior magistrate, who had invited him ; the magistrate observing a more than ordinary alacrity in his countenance, was desirous to know the cause.—I will freely confess, said Lo, that I feel a true satisfaction in my mind ; about fifteen poor people, whom a barren year had constrained to quit their village, and seek for subsistence elsewhere, having presented themselves before me, I distributed amongst them all the perquisites I had received since I came into my employment, to enable them to return home, and till their lands.—This I did with glee ; but that which gave me more sensible pleasure was, that of all my family, and numerous relations, who were witnesses of my liberality, not so much as one disapproved of it : on the contrary, they all appeared

appeared very well satisfied, and this is it that has occasioned the joy which you perceive in me.

CONSIDER yourself as a citizen of the world ; and deem nothing which regards humanity undeserving your notice.

SO idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds ;
Thro' various toils to seek content we roam,
Which but with thinking right were our's at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase ;
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.

SOME medicines are nauseous and unpleasant to the taste, though most efficacious in working a cure ; these may represent several crosses and afflictions we meet with in this vale of tears : though they are displeasing and grievous to the flesh, they tend to the happiness of our immortal souls, by weaning our affections from earth, and all the fading honours and glories of this world : and shewing us the vanity and uncertainty of every creaturely comfort they lead us to the great Jehovah, the fountain of all true happiness, and teach us to depend on him alone for glory and felicity, in that future blessed state, where all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and affliction, pain, and grief be known no more.

AS there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits.

AN ELEGY ON EVENING.

HAIL ! sober eve, whose robe of dusky grey
Each blooming verdant landscape doth invest ;
Now hush'd the rude tumultuous glare of day ;
Now veil'd those flow'ry scenes that charm'd my breast.

Where now the shepherd, who at ease reclin'd,
 On some green turf beside yon trick'ling rills?
 Where now the breeze, rais'd by the western wind?
 Where now the cattle on a thousand hills?

A solemn shade eclipses nature's face;
 The tuneful tribes in artful nests are laid;
 Each shepherd with his cattle finds a place,
 Where toil by balmy sleep is well repaid:

Sweet sleep! inspiring dreams of harmless kind,
 Where no ambitious fretful care annoys,
 Nor scene luxurious cloy the fated mind;
 Which nature's purest genuine bliss destroys.

For seldom doth the luckless monarch taste
 Such pure untainted bliss within his breast,
 As doth the virtuous shepherd on the waste,
 When noon-day heat lulls all his frame to rest.

Vain, then, the keen pursuit of fortune's plume!
 And vain the glitt'ring honours earth bestows,
 Unless it to the owner's breast become
 A true perennial source of calm repose.

But, ah! 'tis seldom honours can impart
 Such true celestial comforts to the breast;
 Can whisper sweet contentment to the heart,
 Or lull discordant passions into rest.

No:—Like rude Boreas' breath upon the sea,
 The gales of wealth to hideous storms arise,
 And blown by avarice and vanity,
 The sacred mansion of the soul disguise.

For let this solemn truth invade your ear,
 Ye gaudy tribes, that grasp at pow'r and fame,
 That push with boldness to bring up the rear,
 Of those that toil to gain a mighty name:

That earth-born trifles ne'er can bless the mind;
 Like visionary shadows quick they pass;
 By such the soul is often hurt, we find,
 As breathing dims the lustre of the glass.

For what, alas ! is all the pow'r, the wealth,
 That earth can yield ? how empty is the whole,
 Join'd to illustrious parentage and health,
 When put in balance with th' immortal soul ?

For these shall moulder, perish, and decay ;
 And ruin o'er creation's face shall come :
 But when the sun and stars shall fade away,
 The soul shall boast an uncorrupted bloom.

Alas ! how empty then our hopes and fears,
 For fancied ills which seldom do molest !
 Why wish for transport in this vale of tears,
 Or let its absence discompose the breast ?

What, tho' the blust'ring storms of life arise,
 And grief usurp fair joy's alluring place !
 A milder scene awaits us in the skies,
 Where sin dare never shew its odious face.

The soul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
 Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
 The hydra forms of vice strives to subdue,
 And moves towards that heav'n from whence it came.

This is the mark supreme : my soul attend ;
 Know thy own dignity, nor scorn thy worth ;
 Behold ! th' angelic train assistance lend,
 To raise thee from the grov'ling scenes of earth.

For, ah ! they fly, like day's illusive schemes,
 When once the fervent heat of life is o'er ;
 When sacred reason gilds with clearest beams,
 And visionary shadows please no more.

Hail, night ! thou gentle emblematic shade
 Of that tremendous period fix'd by God,
 When drear forgetfulness shall veil the dead,
 And fame be lost beneath the green grass sod.

This ends the race of feeble man below :
 Nor pow'r, nor honour, fame, nor youthful bloom,
 Can gain a respite from the dreadful blow.
 'Tis virtue only triumphs o'er the tomb.

EVERY disinterested act of benevolence, justice, and mercy, sheds a degree of lustre on the person who performs them : and the oftener we are exercised in the practice of those virtues, the nearer we approach the happy path compared to “ a shining light that shineth more and more “ unto the perfect day.”

HE that supposes he lives without folly, is not so wise as he thinks himself.

COLOURS, artfully spread upon canvas, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart ; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to charm as a beauty.

BE very circumspect in the choice of your company : in the society of your equals you may enjoy pleasure, in that of your superiors you may find profit. But to be the highest in company, is to be in the way to become the lowest ; the best means to improve is to be the least there : but above all be the companion of those who fear the Lord, and keep his precepts.

PRIDE is a poison that vitiates all the good qualities a person may possess ; and, be their merit ever so great, pride alone will render them odious and contemptible.

HUMILITY teaches us to keep in ourselves a submissive and condescending temper, and to watch against the first emotions of pride, vain-glory, and self-conceit.

ALL men should carefully beware of the first acts of dishonesty. They present themselves to the mind under specious disguises, and plausible reasons of right and equity : but being once admitted, they open the way for admitting others that are but a little more dishonest, which are followed by others a little more knavish than they, till by degrees, however slow, a man becomes an habitual sharper, and at length a consummate villain.

CICERO'S

CICERO'S ARGUMENT against ATHEISM.

" IF there should happen, (says he to his opponent) to be no God, I shall certainly be as well off as yourself; annihilation will then be your lot as well as mine. But if the matter shall be found otherwise; if there shall indeed be found a God, when we enter into a future state; how greatly shall I have the advantage of you, who have all your life long profest and inculcated atheism and impiety; while I have continually laboured to honour the Deity, and to promote virtue and religion?"

HYPOCRISY is an homage which vice pays to virtue.

LET your words be few and wisely chosen, your thoughts suitable and well directed, and your whole deportment and behaviour evidence the inward purity of your mind, and the " beauty of holiness."

O MAY your mind be ever clear from sin;
Without all beauteous, all divine within;
Like some clear stream, which, as it gently flows,
A heav'n inverted in its bosom shows:
So may your thoughts be pure from ev'ry stain,
And death at length appear your endless gain.

IN CHRIST the Christian safely reposes his hope, love, faith, confidence, and all the concerns of his immortal soul for time and eternity: therefore the apostle Paul says with triumph, " I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

VALUE not yourself on outward decorations, which tarnish and wear away; but on the lasting " ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."—Look not with contempt on those who appear in the garb of plainness and simplicity; for they may be your superiors in point of wisdom, though inferior

in station and circumstances.—The insignificant fop, whose showy coat is of far greater value than its wearer, may think what he pleases of himself, but in the opinion of sensible men he only represents the cinnamon tree; the bark whereof is more valuable than the tree itself.

TOO great a concern to acquit one's self of an obligation, is one kind of ingratitude.

BEHOLD, oh man! how greatly art thou beloved! how highly favoured by thy Maker! in what part of his works hath he forgotten, or overlooked thy welfare? Shew me a creature; point out a spot, in the formation or disposition of which he has not been mindful of thy interests! “He has made thee to have dominion over the works of thy hands, and has put all things in subjection under thy feet:—all sheep and oxen, the fowls of the air, and the fishes,—yea, the surges of the sea,” are subservient to thy benefit.

THE Scriptures present the sea to us, in its troubled state, as an emblem of the wicked man: “The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest: whose waters cast up mire and dirt.” And a stronger emblem cannot well be imagined; for the foul deeds of iniquity are noxious as the offensive weeds and filth of the sea, and the conscience, continually in terrors, knows nothing of that placid calm and smiling repose, which lodges in the good man's breast.—Let the passionate and iniquitous contemplate the ocean, in this view; and intreat him, who commanded the winds and the waves into peace, to hush their tempestuous disorders, and to introduce the sweet calm of virtue into their souls.

PIETY practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God, and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from the taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendor of beneficence.

COME,

COME, pensive muse—meek child of sorrow hail !
 O touch with trembling strains thy fav'rite lyre.
 If soften'd verse record the plaintive tale,
 Breathe the warm wish, and pour the fond desire,
 And thou, sweet sympathy, indulgent maid !
 Whose welcome smile suspends the gloom of woe,
 Oh ! come, in all thy native charms array'd,
 Nurse the big drop, and bid it gently flow.
 And ye, whose bosoms of superior mould,
 Are taught no gen'rous impulse to conceal ;
 But when the tale of human grief is told,
 Instinctive soften, and delight to feel.—
 Ye, whose fine hearts with purer passions glow,
 And melting nature's genial balm supply,
 Oh ! come, and faithful to domestic woe,
 Witness its plaints, and spare it sigh for sigh.

LET the proud coxcomb reflect, there is not a coat he wears but is second-hand ; the harmless sheep wore it before him, and willingly part with their woolly covering for the use of unthankful men. Look with an eye of pity on those who have not wherewithal to cover themselves, when snow lies thick on the ground, and rivers are congealed with ice ; commiserate your poor unhappy fellow-creatures. O be mindful of them in this bitter season, and shew your compassion by your well-timed generosity ! Has God given you riches to enjoy in great abundance ? consider yourself as his almoner, and share them with those to whom they are denied ; testify your gratitude for the Almighty's goodness towards you, by contributing to the wants of the poor and needy.

A THUNDER STORM.

IN sweetest smiles arose the virgin dawn,
 And spread new glories o'er the spangled lawn ;
 The sunny mountains, bright with flowing streams,
 Reflected soft her golden colour'd beams ;
 But e're the sun had gain'd th' etherial height,
 His flaming ray was quench'd in sudden night.

Black

Black rising clouds usurp the face of day,
 And fiery gleams the dusky wreaths betray;
 'The clouds, impress'd with various motions, fly,
 And dread confusion rules the troubled sky.
 With interrupted breath, the dubious breeze
 Disturbs the floods, and stirs the quiv'ring trees;
 The gloomy hills, with dusky vapours crown'd,
 Shed deeper horrors o'er the plains around.
 A conscious dread astonish'd nature feels,
 Thro' all her regions, nor that dread conceals.
 'Th' affrighted herds across the dusky plain,
 Tumultuous scud, nor heed the tending swain;
 While on the darken'd heath, in narrow space
 Contracted, stands the timid fleecy race:
 'The feather'd tribes forsake the troubled sky;
 Some plung'd in thickest shades in secret lie,
 And some to hollow rocks for shelter fly. — }
 All to their several homes with speed repair:—
 The birds of night come forth, and wing the air.

Now kindling into rage black storms arise,
 And deaf'ning noises fill the echoing skies:
 Dread thro' the darken'd air loud thunders roll;
 'The rapid light'nings dart from pole to pole.
 Black livid flames torment the blasted sight,
 And strike the shadowy hills with dreadful light.
 Wide o'er th' extended plains their treasures large,
 In copious floods the streaming clouds discharge:
 Prone down the hills abrupt, from rock to rock,
 Red, roaring, rough, th' impetuous torrents smoke.
 Unhappy he, far from his native home,
 Who devious wanders thro' the fiery gloom;
 Wide o'er the pathless waste forlorn he strays,
 While round his head the sheety light'nings blaze:
 Thro' the dark sky loud peals of thunder roll,
 And fate, approaching, takes his trembling soul.
 Thrice happy they whose calm unruffled mind,
 To heav'n's all-wise disposing will's resign'd,
 Can hear unmov'd the thunder's awful roar,
 Or only mov'd the Godhead to adore.

For me, in that dread hour, when all around
 The light'nings flash, and thunders shake the ground,
 My homely cot be then my blest retreat,
 (Where calm contentment holds her peaceful seat,)
 Whose humble roof excludes the rushing rain,
 Its shelter, woods, when whirlwinds sweep the plain;
 While Delia here observes the light'nings blaze,
 And her quick throbbing breast her fear betrays,
 Be mine the task these tumults to allay,
 And from her cheek to chase pale fear away.

MANY moralists have compared life to the ocean: which how smooth soever it may seem to invite us to its surface, the calm is deceitful, and will not long continue; storms and tempests will arise and toss the troubled vessel. While we sail through life, we must not expect a perpetual serenity: difficulties, trials, and afflictions await all mankind; and happy they, who can steer their vessel safe amidst them into the harbour of everlasting rest!

SOME men are apt to conceive too high an opinion of the benefits they confer; they view them in too strong a light, and expect more in return than reason or justice will warrant.

THE great mind, as it finds the most satisfactory delight in obliging, is never hurt more than when its kindnesses are repeatedly mentioned; it enjoys greater pleasure from the noble reflection on the good it does, than from the selfish pride of the return it receives.

WHEN we consider, that as soon as this passing moment of life is done, an immortality awaits us; when eternal good or evil must be the consequence of our conduct in this life; how absurd, as well as criminal, does it render the actions of those, who, with unwearied anxiety, labour to gratify their worldly or sensual passions.

THERE is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it in the midst of the darkest scenes, and the greatest calamities.

ADVICE

ADVICE in WINTER.

I.

THE needy poor demand our care,
To screen them from th' inclement air,
And turn the storm aside,
From cots where oft disease and age
Unshelter'd, bear its piercing rage,
And modest worth reside.

II.

Where many an honest couple dwell,
With num'rous offspring, once as well
As you with plenty blest;
Who now in tatter'd rags confin'd
To scanty meals of coarsest kind,
Do scarce a comfort taste.

III.

While you enjoy the cheerful blaze
In houses tight, with beds of ease,
Think then, how strong their claim,
To comforts with which you abound,
And which dispens'd to them, rebound,
And settle whence they came.

MEN in the greatest prosperity are often like trees laden with fruit, that break with the weight of their boughs, and are ruined by their own greatness.

TIME is given us, that we may take care of eternity; and eternity will not be too long to regret the loss of our time, if we have mispent it.

“ OUR light afflictions, which are but for a moment,” are sent for the wisest purposes, and intended for our greatest good, by taking off our affections from earthly things, and setting them on things above: they are the means, through the blessing of God, of fitting us for the blessed enjoyment of him in the mansions of blessedness on high.

OUR

OUR abode on earth is very precarious and uncertain :
 “ This night thy soul may be required of thee ;” if so,
 be always ready to attend the summons at a moment’s
 warning.

“ THE kingdom of heaven,” or grace in the heart,
 is truly that “ pearl of great price,” which the good
 man only knows the value of, and enjoys with thankful-
 ness and praise ; it comes from God, leads to him, and
 terminates in the full enjoyment of him in the realms
 of bliss.

NOTHING can be more proper for a creature that
 borders upon eternity, and is hastening continually to his
 final audit, than daily to slip away from the circle of
 amusements, and frequently to relinquish the hurry of
 business, in order to consider and adjust “ the things
 that belong to his eternal peace.”

THE starting tear in pity’s eye,
 Outshines the diamond’s brightest beams ;
 And the sweet blush of modesty,
 More beauteous than the ruby seems.

IT is a proof of wisdom, frequently to meditate on
 the eternity of the soul, and to consider that the body
 must soon suffer a dissolution. Beauty is a flower which
 soon withers, health changes, and strength abates ; but
 innocence is immortal, and a comfort both in life and
 death.

GOD, who is liberal and generous in all his other
 gifts, teaches us, by the wise œconomy of his providence,
 how circumspect we ought to be in the right management
 of our time ; for he never gives us two moments together,
 he gives us only the second as he takes away the first, and
 keeps the third in his hands, leaving us in an absolute
 uncertainty whether it shall ever be ours or not.

SOME

SOME virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a publick capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity: and not only sees what we do, but what we would do.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

ONCE — I remember well the day,
'Twas e'er the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues;
When ev'ry flow'r on ev'ry hill,
In ev'ry vale, had drank its fill
Of sunshine and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
When spring gives up the reins of time
To summer's glowing hand:
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then beside a green wood shade,
Which cloth'd a lawn's aspiring head,
I wing'd my devious way;
With loit'ring steps regardless where,
So soft so genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud:
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding thro' the deep green grass
A full brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze, in accents rude
To thee, serenest solitude,
Bursts forth th' unbidden lay,
Begone vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise,
And pity ev'n the gay.

These,

These, these are joys alone I cry;
 'Tis here divine Philosophy
 Thou deign'st to fix thy throne:
 Here contemplation points the road
 Through nature's charms to nature's God;
 These, these are joys alone.

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
 Ye human hopes, and human fears,
 Ye pleasures, and ye pains!
 While thus I speak, o'er all my soul
 A philosophick calmness stole,
 A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
 Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
 No more my bosom move:
 But yet I felt, or seem'd to feel,
 A kind of visionary zeal,
 Of universal love.

When, lo! a voice, a voice, I hear;
 'Twas reason whisper'd in my ear
 These monitory strains:
 What mean'st thou man? wouldst thou unbind
 The ties which constitute thy kind,
 The pleasures and the pains.

The same almighty power unseen,
 Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
 To contemplation's eye:
 Fix'd ev'ry movement of the soul,
 Taught ev'ry wish its destin'd goal,
 And quicken'd ev'ry joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage;
 He bids them war eternal wage,
 And combat each his foe;
 'Till from dissention's concord rise,
 And beauties from deformities,
 And happiness from woe.

'Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find
 A bliss which leans not to mankind?
 Presumptuous thought and vain!
 Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd;
 Each pow'r is weak unless employ'd
 Some social bliss to gain.

Shall light and shade, and warmth, and air,
 With those exalted joys compare,
 Which active virtue feels:
 When on she drags as lawful prize
 Contempt, and indolence, and vice,
 At her triumphant wheels?

As rest to labour still succeeds
 To man, whilst virtue's glorious deeds
 Employ his toilsome day.
 This fair variety of things
 Are merely life's refreshing springs
 To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast—unstring thy lyre;
 In vain thou sing'st if none admire,
 How sweet so e'er thy strain:
 And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
 Unless thou mixest with thy kind
 Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast—try ev'ry sense,
 If not thy bliss, thy excellence
 Thou yet hast learn'd to scan:
 At least thy wants, thy weakness know;
 And see them all uniting show,
 That man was made for man.

A MAN who lives apparently without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtues, however he may otherwise conceal his vices.

EVERY one complains of his memory, but no one of his judgment.

WISDOM

WISDOM allows nothing to be good, that will not be so for ever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what he has within himself; no man to be great or powerful, that is not master of himself.

IT is easier to be wise for others, than for ourselves.

AS it is the character of great wits to say much in a few words; so little wits, on the contrary, talk a great deal, and yet say little to purpose.

—— **THOU** bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all thy gifts, thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

VIRTUE and Friendship, above all things, purchase to men love and good-will.

FRIENDSHIP improves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling our joy, and dividing our grief.

IF the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty, which the condition of life makes of greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or a more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.

HE that is pleased with himself, easily imagines he shall please others.

TO do the best can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practised if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions; — occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found?

THAT charity is best, of which the consequences are most extensive.

THOSE who raise envy will easily incur censure.

“ HE that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit, (says Bacon) must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty ; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances.”

WHAT cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

Written on the SEA SHORE.

THOU restless fluctuating deep,
Expressive of the human mind ;
In thy for ever varying form,
My own inconstant self I find.
How soft now flow thy peaceful waves,
In just gradations to the shore :
While on thy brow, unclouded shines
The regent of the midnight hour.
Blest emblem of that equal state,
Which I this moment feel within :
Where thought to thought succeeding rolls,
And all is placid and serene.
As o'er thy smoothly flowing tide,
Their light the trembling moon-beams dart,
My lov'd Eudocia's image smiles,
And gayly brightens all my heart.
But, ah ! this flatt'ring scene of peace,
By neither can be long possess'd,
When Eurus breaks thy transient calm,
And rising sorrows shake my breast.
Obscur'd thy Cynthia's silver ray,
When clouds opposing intervene :
And ev'ry joy that friendship gives,
Shall fade beneath the gloom of spleen.

HE that indulges negligence, will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve, will at last be deceived.

MUCH of the pain and pleasure of mankind, arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others. We enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.

COMPOSITIONS merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful. They are flowers, fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms only to be valued as they foretell fruits.

WHATEVER is great, desirous, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved.

NATURE makes us poor only, when we want necessities; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

FACTION seldom leaves a man honest, however it might find him.

THAT praise is worth nothing of which the price is known.

Extract from a POEM, entitled the BOOK of NATURE.

HAIL hospitable shades, and lofty hills!
 Ye flowrets gay, ye crystal murm'ring rills!
 Where'er I look new beauties strike my eyes,
 And bright variety around me lies.
 But stay,—nor think that this delicious scene,
 These groves, these brooks, hills, vales, & meadows green,
 Are to be view'd with such a selfish sight,
 As objects only form'd for thy delight.

Think'st thou yon sun, that gilds the western skies,
 Or that full orb, which there thou seest rise
 In silent majesty, were plac'd on high,
 Only to mark thy hours, and please thine eye,
 Mature thy fruit, to light thee and to warm,
 Recruit thy spirits, and thy senses charm?
 All these, no doubt, were in th' intention join'd
 Of their Creator: favour to mankind,
 One great end of creation, but, not sole,
 For boundless goodness comprehends the whole.
 The raven asks, nor asks in vain his share:
 Whate'er or range the earth, or beat the air,
 Or cut the liquid wave, partake the boon.
 Nor think this world of wonders all thy own.
 'Tis nature's book, and, if but read aright,
 Will set thy duty clearly in thy sight;
 Will lead thee upwards to the one great source,
 And check thy headlong passions in their course.
 A copious volume, where each line displays
 A subject for astonishment and praise!
 Where wisdom, power, goodness, beauty, shine,
 And not a stroke but proves the "hand divine."
 Behold a God in all!—nor let thy foot
 Indignant, crush the snail that marring thy fruit,
 Without adverting to its Maker's skill,
 And silent looking up, for leave to kill.

Whene'er the flow'ry path thy feet shall lead
 In many windings thro' the verdant mead;
 Whene'er thy steps, with musing silence, rove
 Thro' the cool shade of some sequester'd grove:
 Or when with head reclin'd, and vacant look,
 Supine thou listen'st to the bubbling brook;
 Can these no subject for thy thoughts supply,
 Can flow'rs serve only to delight the eye?
 'Tis almost virtue to delight in these,
 They find, or sure must leave a soul in peace.
 Frequent them often, but, not like the brute
 That grazes nigh thee, happy, yet still mute:
 There scan thy actions, set thy notions right,
 And make thy hope of future bliss more bright;

For these each brook may serve, each verdant mead;
 And thou, by these, excel the neighb'ring steed.
 Here copious rivers their rich stores dispense,
 And flow, great emblems of benevolence,
 Which to the mind this useful truth may show,
 That wealth is giv'n us chiefly to bestow.
 There lofty cedars, and tall pines arise,
 And lift the soaring thoughts above the skies:
 Beneath, the lowly shrub, with od'rous scent,
 Bids us be humble, grateful, and content.
 Go to the ant,—and learn her industry;
 The dog,—and copy his fidelity.
 Each prudent husbandman shall teach thee skill;
 They break the clods, break thou the stubborn will:
 Careful, they strive to root out ev'ry weed,
 Secure the fence, provide the choicest seed;
 Extend the watchful, tho' not anxious eye;
 Yet, for success, on God alone rely.
 Go thou, and do likewise: the soil, the mind,
 Thy own, or those by Providence assign'd
 To thy especial care,—weed, guard, cull, plant:—
 What more is wanting, ask, and heav'n will grant.

THE wisest part of those who have not much wisdom,
 is to know how to submit to the conduct of another.

IT sometimes shews as much ingenuity to know how
 to profit by good counsel, as to be able to give it to
 ourselves.

WE have always a kindness for those who admire us,
 but not always for those whom we admire.

FORTUNE discovers our virtues and vices, as light
 does objects.

IT is the honour of human nature to be the friend of
 the unfortunate.

WHOEVER

WHOEVER considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what a degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design, the effects of accident. We may think the blow violent, only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender. We are, on every side, in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

AN even and unwearied tenor of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of its end. Succession is not perceived but by variation.

AN infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.

In some parts of HOLLAND the following LAW is practised.

WHEN two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the peace-makers. If the parties come attended with an advocate or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire; as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.

The peace-makers then begin advising the parties, by assuring them, that it is the height of folly to waste their substance, and make themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunals of law. Follow but our direction, and we will accommodate matters without any expense to either. If the rage of debate is too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day,

day, in order that time may soften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus sent for twice or thrice. If their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law; and as we give up to amputation, such members as cannot be cured by art, justice is permitted to take its course.

EVERY man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

OTHER acquisitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice, of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increase our happiness through endless duration.

A sensible Writer of SWEDEN, has thus expressed himself on the Subject of FIRE-WORKS, PUBLICK FEASTS, and ENTERTAINMENTS, &c.

“ IT were sincerely to be wished, (says he) that the custom were established amongst us, that in all events which cause a public joy, we made our exultations conspicuous only by acts useful to society. We should then quickly see many useful monuments of our reason, which would much better perpetuate the memory of things worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and would be much more glorious to humanity than all those tumultuous preparations of feasts, entertainments, and other rejoicings used upon such occasions.”

TRUE Economy, equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious, seems to be a just mean between both extremes; and to a transgression of this, at present decried virtue, it is that we are to attribute a great part of evils which infest society.

AN HYMN

AN HYMN to the DEITY.

BE hush'd, my griefs, 'tis his almighty will,
 Who rules the storms, that bids you all be still !
 Be calm, ye tempests, vanish ev'ry care,
 While with triumphant faith my soul draws near
 To God, in all the confidence of pray'r.
 He has not bid me seek his face in vain ;
 Talk to the winds, or to the waves complain.
 He hears the callow ravens from their nest,
 By him their eager cravings are redrest.
 Young lions thro' the desarts roar their wants ;
 He marks them, and their wild petition grants.
 The gaping furrows thirst, nor thirst in vain ;
 Parch'd by the noon-day sun for timely rain.
 With silent suits the fair declining flow'rs,
 Request and gain the kind refreshing show'rs.
 And will th' almighty Father turn away,
 Nor hear his darling offspring when they pray ?
 No breach of faithfulness his honour stains ;
 With day and night his word unchang'd remains.
 The various ordinances of the sky
 Stand forth his glorious witnesses on high.
 Summer and winter, autumn and the spring,
 For him by turns their attestation bring.
 Unblemish'd his great league with nature stands,
 And full reliance on his truth demands.
 Nothing that breathes, a second deluge fears,
 When in the clouds the radiant bow appears.
 Can the Most High like man at random speak ;
 Forfeit his honour, and his promise break ?
 Shall fleeting winds th' Almighty's words disperse,
 Or breathing dust his solemn oath reverse ?
 Can he, like man, unconstant man, repent ?
 Shall any chance or unforeseen event
 Start up his settled purpose to prevent ?
 Or can he fail in the expected hour
 A stranger to his own extent of pow'r ?
 What profit can a worm his Maker bring,
 That he should flatter such a worthless thing ?

Why

Why should he condescend to mind my tears,
 Or calm with soft deluding words my fears?
 Can he of perfect happiness possess,
 Deride the woes that human life molest;
 Or mock the hopes that on his goodness rest?
 Nature may change her course, confusion reign,
 And men expect the rising sun in vain:
 But should th' eternal truth and promise fail,
 Infernal night and horror must prevail;
 Angels themselves their fairest hopes recline
 On nothing more unchangable than mine.
 Am I deceiv'd? What can their charter be? —
 Fair Seraphims may be deceived like me.
 If goodness and veracity divine
 Can fail, their heaven's an airy dream like mine.
 But, oh! I dare the glorious venture make,
 And lay my soul and future life at stake.
 Be earth, be heav'n, at desp'rate hazard lost,
 If here my faith should prove an empty boast.
 Whate'er your arts, ye pow'rs of hell, suggest,
 The truth of God undaunted I attest.
 Produce your annals with insulting rage,
 Bring out your records, shew the dreadful page,
 One instance where th' Almighty broke his word,
 Since first the race of men his name ador'd.
 Confus'd you search your dreadful rolls in vain;
 Th' eternal honour shines without a stain:
 Unblemish'd shines in men and angels view.
 Just are thy ways, thou King of Saints, and true!

A LITTLE, very little time, will wipe us entirely
 from the tables of human memory: and the streets, which
 we now crowd so busily, will not be less thronged for our
 absence. — What an important lesson should this reflec-
 tion teach us; and how much ought it to diminish, in
 our esteem, the transitory pursuits and possessions of this
 present world?

KEEP innocence, and take heed to the thing which is
 right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

ONE can hardly imagine any thing more sublime than the idea which the following passage from Isaiah gives us of the Deity : — “ He hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out heaven with the span—comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure—weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance ! ”—Where is the human writer, that can produce any thing equal to this ? Where is the reader that can fail to contemplate with admiration, so stupendous a Creator and God ;—that can fail to glow with gratitude on the recollection, that this God is his Father ;—that can fail to bow with humility, under the sense of his own weakness and unworthiness ;—and to live in cheerful resignation, under the government and protection of so great, so good, and so wise a Ruler !

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

THE year is past—the days, the weeks, the months are flown ; gone, for ever, irrevocably gone, and with them all opportunity to alter or undo, whatever in this period, we have done !—If our actions have been virtuous and amiable ; if humanity and benevolence have conducted our steps ; if justice and honesty have directed our dealings ; if religion and truth have influenced our behaviour : what a joy shall we find in the retrospect ; We shall have no cause to regret that we are now another year nearer to eternity !—If, on the other hand, blackness and darkness involve our proceedings ; if guilt and shame ; if vice and folly only mark the former days.—alas, how sad, how unpleasing the review !—For what have we lived ? Nay, rather let us ask, for what do we live ? And upon this inquiry we may well rejoice in the gracious permission of Providence, to see another year before us ; in which we may redeem the past, in which we may treasure up a happy store for our future comfort and review ; if we may be allowed to see another year succeeding.

ON PROVIDENCE.

ON PROVIDENCE.

GOD works in a myſterious way
 His wonders to perform :
 He plants his footsteps in the ſea,
 And rides upon the ſtorm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing ſkill,
 He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
 And works his ſov'reign will.

Ye feeble ſaints freſh courage take :
 The clouds ye ſo much dread,
 Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
 In bleſſings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
 But truſt him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a ſmiling face.

His purpoſes are rip'ning faſt,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taſte ;
 But wait to ſmell the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
 And ſcan his work in vain.
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

FLOWERS of rhetoric in ſermons, or ſerious diſ-
 courſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing
 to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial
 to him who would reap the profit.

————— OH, Death !

Where art thou ? — Death ! thou dread of guilt,
 Thou wiſh of innocence, affliction's friend,
 Tir'd nature calls thee—Come, in mercy come,
 And lay me pillow'd in eternal reſt.

On the NEW YEAR.

GOD of my life, thy constant care,
With blessings crowns the op'ning year ;
This guilty life dost thou prolong,
And wake anew my annual song.

How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun,
Thro' his last yearly period run !

We yet survive, but who can say,
Or thro' the year, or month, or day,
“ I will retain this vital breath ;
Thus far at least, in league with death ?

That breath is thine, eternal God ;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode :
It holds its life from thee alone
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign ;
Make them, and own them still as thine ;
So shall they smile secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

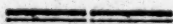
ONE of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is wealth. It glitters at a distance, and appears replete with all the requisites essential to earthly felicity ; it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breasts of its votaries an inextinguishable thirst to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary blessings, and therefore in the attainment of it, such think to exclude every want, to enjoy every satisfaction.

HAPPY

HAPPY he, who in this short journey called life, while he travels through difficult and thorny roads, or loses himself in the midst of by-paths, pursues his way at least without carrying in his bosom the sad reproach of having stopped another in the peaceful course of his journey.

ALTHOUGH many and various are the pursuits of mankind after happiness, yet the greatest felicity is a constant sense of the Divine favour.—The pleasures which arise to the mind from a pre-eminence of birth, station, and fortune, are of a foreign and extrinsic nature. Hence we daily see multitudes possessed of these benefits, who are utter strangers to solid and permanent satisfactions.—But the good man, however destitute of those incidental advantages, hath nevertheless an inexhaustible source of comfort within himself.—When he quits the crowd, and descends into his breast, he is sure of meeting with the best of company there, GOD, and his own heart. While the consciousness of his integrity, and the approbation of his Maker, furnish him with a perpetual feast.

FE know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford. —————



MY GOD, with grateful heart, I'll raise
A daily altar to thy praise;
Thy friendly hand my course directs,
Thy watchful eye my bed protects.

When danger, woes, or death, are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly;
The same almighty arm can aid,
Now sickness grieves, and pains invade.

To all the various helps of art,
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart :
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an angel blest'd the wave.

All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee :
And not a plant which spreads the plains
But teems with health when heav'n ordains.

Clay and Siloam's pool we find
At heav'n's command, restor'd the blind :
Hence Jordan's waters once were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

But grant me nobler favours still :
Grant me to know and do thy will.
O purge my soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

Can such a wretch for pardon sue !
My crimes, my crimes, arise to view !
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.

But, oh ! regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes :
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed.
His blood procures for Adam's race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

When vice hath shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart :
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.

What arrows pierce so deep as sin !
 What venom gives such pains within !
 Thou great Physician of the soul !
 Rebuke thy pangs, and make me whole.

Oh ! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
 With deep submission to thy will,
 Sickness and death shall both agree
 To bring me, Lord, at last, to thee.

APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY ! thou best, thou common right,
 Of all mankind, as much as air and light ; —
 Depriv'd of thee, what can all nature give,
 T'atone thy loss, and make us bear to live ?
 To hapless slaves, whom lawless pow'r confines,
 What boot the treasures of Peruvian mines ?
 To such no joys revolving seasons bring,
 (The fruits of autumn, or the flowers of spring)
 No hope to soothe, no prospect to beguile,
 Their nights of anguish, or their days of toil :
 Whence every scene must the same sadness wear,
 And heighten endless bondage to despair.
 With them ev'n love, the balm of others woe,
 Has ceas'd to charm, can no relief bestow ;
 For all connections meant to sweeten life
 Exist no more in brother, friend, or wife ;
 With such, extinct each tender social tie,
 And all life's comforts lost, 'tis happiness to die.

If such th' oppression, such the poignant woe,
 Entail'd by slav'ry on our race below,
 What praise awaits those sons of light and peace,
 Who first deplor'd, and bid this grievance cease :
 First taught that freedom, tho' withheld by might,
 Is every man's inherent natural right ?
 Heaven be their crown ! — 'twas all that men could do
 T'assert the right, and set the example too.
 Glorious attempt ! which all the world commends,
 Where grace presides, or polish'd life extends.

HOPE is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

IT is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it requires judgment to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation.

NO man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

ALL skill ought to be exerted for universal good.—Every man has owed much to others, and ought to pay the kindness that he has received.

IT has been observed, in all ages, that the advantages of nature, or of fortune, have contributed very little to the promotion of real happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station.

JUSTICE may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect.—Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them.—Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

TENDERNESS, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the heart that feels it, nearly as wretched as the object which sues for assistance.

EDUCATION should teach us to become useful, sober, disinterested, and laborious members of society; but does it
it

it not at present point out a different path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by which means we become more eager to possess, in order to dissipate,—a greater charge to ourselves, and more useless or obnoxious to society.

The following STANZA was written by a Youth of Ten Years old on his BIRTH DAY.

TIME irrecoverably flies;
Our evenings come, our mornings rise:
Our business therefore let us mind,
Or that time's gone we soon shall find.

To the Author of the above, by his Father.

IMPROVING thus, the silent lapse of time,
Still may thy days with added lustre rise,
'Till honour'd age succeeds thy useful prime,
And gives thee, perfect, to thy native skies!
There morning, noon, or eve, no more shall blend
The varying colours of duration's ray —
There youth, or age, no more begin, or end —
Thine, life immortal — thine eternal day.

Written in Dr. YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

PERHAPS, as through these gloomy isles he stray'd,
Some heav'n-deputed, kind, informing shade,
Taught his rapt muse these sweet seraphic strains,
Which lift the soul above terrestrial plains. —

When all the works of fancy fade away,
Those tuneful trifles that enchant the gay,
Thy verse shall live (which holy zeal inspires,
Which glows so brightly with religion's fires)
Unhurt by time; no day its end shall tell,
But that last day which thou hast sung so well.

THERE is no real felicity for man, but in reforming all his errors and vices, and entering upon a strict and constant course of virtue. This only makes life comfortable, renders death serene and peaceful, and secures eternal joy and blessedness hereafter.

IF you desire to be wiser yet, think yourself not yet wise; and if you improve in self-knowledge, despise not the instructions of another. He that instructs him that thinks himself wise enough, hath a fool for his scholar; he that thinks himself wise enough to instruct himself, hath a fool for his master.

VIRTUE is that perfect good which is the crown of a happy life, the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality: it is an invincible greatness of mind, not to be elevated or dejected by good or ill fortune: it is sociable and gentle, free, steady, and fearless, content within itself, full of inexhaustible delights, and it is valued for itself.

LET us call to mind the poverty and meanness that attended the condition of our blessed Saviour here on earth, and alienate our affections from the things of this world, fixing them upon the ineffable joys purchased by him for us in another. He lived poor and low all his days; "Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." So poor, that he was never owner of a house to dwell in, but lived all his days in the habitations of other men, or in the open air.

REASON, or understanding, is the candle of the soul, which, if enlightened by the Holy Spirit, will guide you into the path that leads to glory, immortality, and eternal life. Endeavour to be a candle to your neighbours and acquaintance by your exemplary life and conduct in the world. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

BE not captivated with the meer appearance of felicity, which is but outside shew, like the men of gaiety and pleasure, who are enamoured with, and frequently deluded by, the empty and trifling amusements of a thoughtless age; but be you solicitous for a share in those momentous and never-fading realities of another and better world.

CHEERFULNESS.

CHEERFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light! auspicious guest!
 Source of all comforts to the human breast!
 Depriv'd of thee, in sad despair we moan,
 And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
 Tho' beauteous objects all around us rise
 To charm the fancy, and delight the eyes;
 Tho' art's fair works, and nature's gifts conspire
 To please each sense, and satiate each desire,
 'Tis joyless all—'till thy enliv'ning ray
 Scatters the melancholy gloom away.
 Then opens to the soul a heav'nly scene,
 Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.
 Where dost thou deign, say, in what blest retreat,
 To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat?
 Thy sacred presence how shall we explore,
 Can av'rice gain thee with her golden store?
 Can vain ambition with her boasted charms
 Tempt thee within her wide extended arms?
 No, with Content alone canst thou abide,
 Thy sister ever smiling by thy side.
 When boon companions, void of ev'ry care,
 Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share,
 And give a loose to pleasure—art thou there?
 Or when the eager swains pursue the chase
 With active limbs, and health in every face,
 Is it thy voice that wakening up the morn,
 Cheers the staunch hound, and winds the jolly horn?
 Or when th' assembled great and fair advance
 To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,
 Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charms around,
 And airs extatic swell their tuneful sound,
 Art thou within the pompous circle found?
 Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
 Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine?
 Surely, more mild, more constant in their course,
 Thy pleasures issue from a nobler source,
 From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,
 From passions temper'd, and from sins repress,

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From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
And the calm transports of an honest heart.

Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
In deepest suff'rings mitigates the blow,
Abates each ill, and softens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal state desires,
What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;
From Nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays,
A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

IT is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.

KEEP a daily watch over your speech and behaviour; attend to the dictates of conscience, and observe its rules; follow them without reluctance; and may he who illumines the mind of the humble, enable you to adorn your Christian profession, and live up to the character of a probationer for eternity.

THE more you are elevated in life, or ranked among the great and affluent, the more it becomes you to be circumspect in all your actions; God's all-seeing eye is upon you, and men observe your failings. The more you are increased in wealth, the more should you sink in self-abasement, and rise in gratitude and benevolence.

THE benevolence of a good man always terminates his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

HOW comfortless is the sorrow of him, who feels at once the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought on him.

ONE advantage gained by calamities, is to know how to sympathize with others in the like troubles.

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IT is often found, that to be armed against calamities with a tranquil mind, is either a probable way to avoid them, or at least to protract the season of their arrival; and if there was nothing else in it but the rendering them the more tolerable when they happen, it would be prudent to try the experiment.

THE ROBIN.

O COME, thou melancholy muse,
With solemn dirge assist my strain,
While shades descend, and weeping dews,
In sorrows wrap the rural plain.

Her mantle grave cool evening spreads,
The sun cuts short his joyful race;
The jocund hills, the laughing meads,
Put on a sickening, dying face.

Stern winter brings his gloomy train,
Each pleasing landscape fades from view;
In solemn state he shuts the scene,
To flow'ry fields we bid adieu!

Quite stript of every beauty, see
How soon fair Nature's honours fade!
The flowers are fled, each spreading tree
No more affords a grateful shade.

Their naked branches now behold,
Bleak winds pierce thro' with murmuring sound;
Chill'd by the northern breezes cold,
Their leafy honours strew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active stage,
Like leaf or blossom fades away,
In tender youth, or riper age,
Drops thus, into his native clay!

Alas!

Alas! and can we choose but moan,
 To see all Nature's charms expire!
 Fair blooming spring, gay summer gone,
 And autumn hast'ning to retire!

But see the tender Red-breast comes,
 Forfaking now the leafless grove,
 Hops o'er my threshold, picks my crumbs,
 And courts my hospitable love.

Then soothes me with his plaintive tale
 As Sol withdraws his friendly ray;
 Cheering, as ev'ning shades prevail,
 The soft remains of closing day.

O welcome to my homely board!
 There, unmolested, shalt thou stand;
 Were it with choicest dainties stor'd,
 For thee I'd ope a liberal hand;

Since thou, of all the warbling throng,
 Who now in silence far retire,
 Remain'st to soothe me with a song,
 And many a pleasing thought inspire.

LET humility and condescension present you as a pattern to your inferiors, affability and good-nature gain the esteem of your equals, respect and deference that of your superiors: for in so doing you will best imitate the example of our blessed Saviour when on earth.

GIVE your heart to your Creator and Redeemer, reverence to your superiors, honour to your parents, your bosom to your friend, your ear to good counsel, and alms to the poor.

HE that gives to all without discretion, will soon stand in need of every one's assistance. Liberality does not consist so much in giving largely, as in giving seasonably.

DAILY experience teaches us, that the contempt of calumny makes it die, whereas resentment revives it.

THE anxieties of a crown are not to be coveted, nor the honours of a throne enjoyed by all. If you envy the monarch any thing, let it be the many opportunities he has of doing good, rewarding distressed merit, alleviating the miseries of the poor, and making the widow's heart to sing for joy: this would be an envy truly laudable and praiseworthy, such as would add true greatness to nobility, and well become the breast of a Christian.

MY spirit looks to GOD alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne.
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face.
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

IF the sun shines on you as you are walking, let it direct your thoughts to him who is the glorious Sun of Righteousness; may his benign rays of love and grace irradiate your soul, disperse your fears, animate your hope, enliven your desires, and cause you at length to shine with inextinguishable brightness, in the blissful regions of light, life, and glory!

REMEMBER that true fortitude surmounts all difficulties; and that you cannot pass into the temple of honour, but through that of virtue.

FRIENDSHIP is a sweet attraction of the heart, towards the merit we esteem, or the reflections we admire; and produces a mutual inclination between two persons, to promote each other's interest, knowledge, virtue, and happiness.

NATURE hath wisely furnished us with two ears, and but one tongue; a most useful lesson, if rightly attended to.

WHAT signifies to man, that he from heav'n
His soul derives; that with erected front
He walks sublime, and views the starry skies,
If like the brutes irrational he acts?

HE is not to be esteemed liberal who does, as it were, pick a quarrel with his money, and knows not how either to part with it, or keep it; but he that disposes of it with discretion and reason, that proportions his bounty to his ability, chooses his objects according to their necessities, and confers his bounties when they can do most good.

THERE is nothing in the female sex more graceful or becoming than modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good sense, masculine; wit and humour, indelicate. This is so necessary a quality for pleasing, that the loose part of the sex, whose study it is to ensnare mens hearts, never fail to support the appearance of what they know is so essential to that end. How lovely then is the real modest woman!

SOCIETY is in its own nature an instrument of happiness, and it is made much more so by the indigencies and infirmities of men. Man, of all creatures in the world, is least qualified to live alone, because there is no creature that has so many necessities to be relieved. And this seems to be one of the principal means used by Providence to secure mutual amity, and the reciprocation of good turns in the world, it being the nature of indigency, like common danger, to endear men to one another, and make them herd together like fellow-sailors in a storm. And this indeed is the true case of mankind; we all sail in one bottom, and in a rough sea, and stand in need of one another's help at every turn, both for the necessities and the refreshments of life.

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THE nearest way to honour is for a man so to live, that he may be found to be that in truth he would be thought to be.

EVERY other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art, or accident, which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged, is the more increased.

WOULD we be but truly ambitious of deserving, after our exit from off the stage of this world, that concise yet comprehensive inscription, "In memory of a sincere Christian;" in this life all the happiness suitable to our state would be secured, and (what is of infinitely greater consequence) beatitude unutterable for evermore. For, whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report; are they not included in that grand and noble aggregate, a sincere Christian?

WE ought to spend the remainder of our life, as if it were more than we expected, and lent us on purpose for wiser management.—We should continually say with Job, "Are not my days few?" and endeavour to imprint on our minds this sentence of David, "The Lord hath made my days as an hand's-breadth; mine age is as nothing before him;" or that of Moses, "The best of our days are but labour and sorrow, for they are soon cut off, and we fly away."

AS pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty, and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bear out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.

THE man who feels himself ignorant, should at least be modest.

PERHAPS every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life, and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour, when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation, either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

THOSE who, in confidence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

'TIS honourable to support the glory of one's ancestors by actions which correspond with their reputation; and it is also glorious to leave a title to one's descendants which is not borrowed from our predecessors.

THERE is one source of refined pleasure, which the enjoyment of wealth affords to a rational mind. The extension of help to the helpless, of relief to misery, and of comfort to those who dwell in the vale of adversity, are employments in which we feel the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances strongly marked with the gloom of sorrow, is attended with the most refined sensations of delight, and attunes the soul to harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied; the essential end for which heaven has dispensed it. But, amongst the great and opulent, how few there are who exercise themselves in such a course of benevolence and virtue! How few whose minds are sufficiently elevated to seek for the satisfaction arising from a conduct so truly estimable!

IF the indigent part of the species did but carefully consider, that to be good is to be happy, and that virtue and religion are accommodated to every situation and capacity, they would see abundant cause for thankfulness, even amid those scenes of servitude and toil, which now perhaps occasion envy, discontent, and murmuring.

SHOULD

SHOULD health or retirement from the bustle and noise of the town, excite you to walk in the silent fields, to taste the sweets of rural life; every object the country affords, may yield you pleasing subjects for sacred cogitation. While you behold the handy-work of God in every blade of grass, tree, bird, beast, or insect, presented to your view, and in every flower that blows in meadows, plains, or valleys, trace the finger of Omnipotence, may you be led to adore the great Creator of universal nature, and in mental aspirations to own his power, admire his goodness, and express his praise!

IF in this present mixed state, all the successive scenes of distress through which we are to pass, were laid before us in one view, perpetual sadness would overcast our life. — Hardly would any transient gleams of intervening joy be able to force their way through the cloud. Faint would be the relish of pleasure, of which we foresaw the close: insupportable the burden of afflictions, under which we were oppressed, by the load not only of present but of anticipated sorrows. Friends would begin their union with lamenting the day which was to dissolve it; and with weeping eye, the parent would every moment behold the child whom he knew that he was to lose. In short, as soon as that mysterious veil which now covers futurity was lifted up, all the gaiety of life would disappear, its flattering hopes, its pleasing illusions would vanish, and nothing but its vanity and sadness remain. The foresight of the hour of death would interrupt the whole course of human affairs, and the overwhelming prospect of the future, instead of exciting men to proper activity, would render them immoveable with consternation and dismay. How much more friendly to man is that mixture of knowledge and ignorance, which is allotted him in this state! Ignorant of the events which are to befall us, and of the precise time which is to conclude our own life; by this ignorance our enjoyment of present objects is favoured, and knowing that death is certain, and that human affairs are full of change, by this knowledge our attachment to those objects is moderated precisely in the same manner, as by the mixture of evidence and obscurity

which remains on the prospect of a future state, a proper balance is preserved, betwixt our love of this life, and our desire of a better.

THE CHACE.

PANTING, half dead the conquer'd champion lies,
Then sudden all the brave ignoble crowd,
Loud-clam'ring, seize the helpless worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd plain :
O breasts of pity void ! to oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n !

WHATEVER be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it ; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.

THE clouds are formed, wafted abroad, distilled gently in insensible dews, or poured forth in plentiful showers.— Thus also fountains are formed, break forth into streams, and are swelled into rivers, till at length they fall into the ocean again, and make a grateful return of benefits received. May this be an emblem of myself, and all around me ! O thou uncreated Ocean of all being and blessedness, it is from thy overflowing fulness, that I receive all my supplies ! I am protected, clothed, and fed from thy free and rich bounty : within thy all-circling arms I live and move : constantly art thou giving forth, and I am receiving. May I learn from the stream of every brook : I pass by, to turn my thoughts, to direct my motions, towards thee, and carry my tribute of homage thither, whence I derive my all ! May I practise benevolence to all around me : let my waters refresh the weary ; support the fainting ; heal the wounded ; and give a verdure and fruitfulness to the barren soul ! Let me, like the flowing brook, take a transient gentle salute of the flowery banks as I pass, but never, oh never let this soul, which thou hast created for thyself, O Father of Spirits, think itself at rest, till it finds itself in thy bosom !

IT is to be lamented, that those who are most capable of improving mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their knowledge, either because it is more pleasing to gather ideas than to impart them, or because to minds naturally great, few things appear of so much importance as to deserve the notice of the publick.

A just sense of another's excellence, is perhaps, the next merit to excellence itself; for, he who has the wisdom to admire, may soon attain the virtue to imitate.

OTHER things may be seized by might, or purchased with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

WHAT heart can despond, what heart can fail to rejoice, when it hears the animated declaration, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!" I will give thee perfect felicity, which shall never be interrupted. I will give thee an eternity of substantial delights, adequate to thy nature, and sufficient to fill up all the desires of thy soul.

WHY do we aim with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life;
Creatures, alas! whose boasted pow'r,
Is but the blessing of an hour?
For neither wealth, nor pow'r controul
The vexing tumults of the soul,
Or force sad cares to stand aloof;
They'll hover round the richest roof.

MOST happy he, that shuns the servile train
Of mean inglorious life, pomp, pleasure, ease,
That lends an ear familiar to the poor;
Nor scornful frowns the brow, on humble worth,
And cheers distress; but looks contemptuous down
On titles, merit seldom wears,—and loves
To act the plain good man.

GRANT

GRANT me oh heav'n ! (I ask not wealth)
 Grant me but innocence and health !
 Ah ! what is grandeur link'd to vice ?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

IF misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be revered ; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied ; and if of vice, not to be insulted ; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced ;

DID those whom heaven has blessed with affluence, but visit the secret recesses of poverty, those dreary abodes of sorrow, where infantile weakness, and the decrepitude of age, languish under the pressure of affliction, without a friend to help, or an eye to pity, how painful would be their feelings till they had rendered them joyful by diffusing comfort to the wretched. Did they but behold a numerous family of little innocents, surrounding the knees of an afflicted mother, and crying for bread, how strong would be their sympathy ! Did they but behold the mother pale, and emaciated with want, expressive anguish painted on her countenance, while endeavouring to silence her children's clamours with the bare sustenance of words, what tender emotions it would raise in their breasts !

THAT frequent intercourses which the Supreme Being constitute the utmost happiness of man, is a proposition, which stands in no need of proof from philosophical inquiries, refined argumentations, and laboured inferences. A very restricted understanding can comprehend this important truth. An arrant peasant, without previous information, is fully aware of the vast emoluments, which accrue from an intimacy with an earthly monarch : what then must be those exalted privileges, which redound from the favour and friendship of the Almighty Sovereign of the universe !

CONSCIENCE acts in the breast of men as an able physician, an experienced tutor, and a faithful friend ; what can we do better then, but daily listen to and observe its admonitions.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS.

LET Sages, with superfluous pains,
 The learned page devour;
 While Florio better knowledge drains
 From each instructive flow'r.

His fav'rite Rose his fear alarms,
 All op'ning to the sun;
 Like vain coquettes, who spread their charms,
 And shine to be undone.

The Tulip, gaudy in its dress,
 And made for nought but show;
 In every sense, may well express,
 The glittering, empty beau!

The Snow-drop first but peeps to light,
 And fearful shews its head;
 Thus modest merit shines more bright,
 By self-distrust misled.

Th' Auric'la, which thro' labour rose,
 Yet shines complete by art,
 The source of education shews,
 How much it can impart.

He marks the Sensitive's nice fit;
 Nor fears he to proclaim,
 If each man's darling vice were hit,
 That he would act the same.

Beneath each common hedge, he views
 The Violet, with care;
 Hinting we should not worth refuse,
 Altho' we find it there.

The Tuberoſe that lofty ſprings,
 Nor can ſupport its height,
 Well repreſents imperious kings;
 Grown impotent by might.

Fragrant,

Fragrant, tho' pale, the Lily blows,
 To teach the female breast,
 How virtue can its sweets disclose
 In all complexions drest.

To every bloom that crowns the year,
 Nature some charm decrees ;
 Learn hence, ye Nymphs, her face to wear,
 Ye cannot fail to please.

EVERY flower contains in it the most edifying rhetoric,
 to fill us with admiration of its omnipotent Creator.

A DUTCH Ambassador, at a certain Court, receiving at his departure the portrait of the king, enriched with diamonds, asked what this fine thing might be worth: Being told that it might amount to about two thousand pounds "And why," cries he, "cannot his Majesty keep the picture, and give me the money?"—This simplicity may be ridiculed at first; but when we come to examine it more closely, men of sense will at once confess, that he had reason in what he said, and that a purse of two thousand guineas is much more serviceable than a picture.

VIRTUE is the only path to true glory, and however innocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseverance will lead it to a certain victory.

A CHINESE Emperor, who lived in the last century, upon an occasion of extraordinary joy, forbid his subjects to make the usual illuminations, either with a design of sparing their substance, or of turning them to some more durable indication of joy, more glorious for him, and more advantageous to his people.

THE natural discontent of inferiority will seldom fail to operate, in some degree of malice, against him who professes to superintend the conduct of others; especially if he seats himself uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exercises authority by his own commission.

INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY is the road to wealth, and virtue to happiness.

COMPLETE substantial happiness is not the produce of a terrestrial soul. While we tread the paths of human life, and are encompassed with human frailties, the avenues through which happiness beams on the soul, will not in a sufficient degree satisfy or fill up our intellectual capacities, but still such a portion of it is within our reach as will render this state of existence easy and tranquil. The Sovereign Lord and Governor of universal nature has wisely ordained, that, amidst the highest gratifications we can enjoy in this world, some alloy should be experienced. By these means the mind is led to aspire after the attainment of that more perfect bliss, which, in the wise determinations of his counsel, we were formed to enjoy, when time and its deceptive scenes shall terminate for ever.

LIPSIUS was a great admirer of the stoical philosophy. On his death-bed, his friends told him, "they need not offer any arguments to him, whose philosophy was sufficient to support him, and teach him patience." Ah, said the dying man, lifting up his eyes, "Dear Lord Jesus Christ, give me the Christian patience!"

AS Benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so is it of the largest extent; for there is not any man, either so great or so little, but he is yet capable of giving or receiving benefits.

LET us always use God's blessings, as bounties, with moderation and temperance, and remember the poor; for God has given to some, too little for their convenience, and to others, more than they need, that neither side may want an occasion for exercising their virtue. He bestows upon us for the relief of our brethren, that we may obtain his mercy. And on the other hand, the poor when they are refreshed by our liberality, give God thanks for putting it into our hearts, and recommend us to him in their prayers.

A SKETCH

A SKETCH OF WINTER.

—THEN doubling clouds the wintry skies deform,
 And wrapt in vapour, comes the warring storm,
 With snows surcharg'd from tops of mountains sails;
 Loads leafless trees, and fills the whiten'd vales :
 Then desolation strips the faded plains ;
 Then tyrant Death o'er vegetation reigns ;
 The birds of heav'n to other climes repair,
 And deep'ning glooms invade the turbid air :
 Nor then, unjoyous, winter's rigours come,
 But find them happy and content with home ;
 Their gran'ries fill'd ; the task of culture past.
 Warm at their fire, they feel the howling blast,
 With patt'ring rain and snow, or driving fleet,
 Rave idly loud, and at their window beat ;
 Safe from its rage, regardless of its roar,
 In vain the tempest rattles at the door.
 The tame brutes shelter'd, and the feather'd brood,
 From them more provident demand their food :
 'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
 The ox laborious, and the noble steed ;
 'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
 To strew with litter and to fence from cold.
 The cattle fed—the fuel pil'd within,
 At setting day the blissful hours begin :
 'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,
 The farmer feels his independent lot,
 Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall
 The voice of gladness and of nature call,
 Beholds his children play, their mother smile,
 And tastes with them the fruits of summer's toil.

THE impertinent and the captious are, perhaps, more
 offensive at the time they are not impertinent or captious,
 than when they are. The falling of Damocles's sword on
 one's head might give less pain, than to sit under it in con-
 tinual fear of its falling.

LET no one be weary of rendering good offices ; for by
 obliging others we are really kind to ourselves.

IT is the duty of every individual to be a friend to mankind, as it is his interest, that men should be friendly to him.

A KIND benefactor makes a man happy as soon as he can, and as much as he can. There should be no delay in a benefit, but the modesty of the receiver.

NO man ever was a loser by good works; for, though he may not be immediately rewarded, yet, in process of time, some happy emergency or other occurs to convince him, that virtuous men are the darlings of Providence,

NUMA POMPILIUS thought the company of good men so real a pleasure, that he esteemed it preferable to a diadem: and, when the Roman Ambassadors solicited him to accept of the government, he frankly declared, among other reasons for declining it, " that the conversation of men who assemble together to worship God, and to maintain an amicable charity, was his business and delight."

PLUTARCH advises to moderate and correct all base, unworthy, and hurtful passions; that in all our conversation we may be open-hearted; and that we may not seek to over-reach or deceive others in any of our dealings.

THERE is no true felicity but in a clear and open conscience; and those are the happy conversations, where only such things are spoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterwards with satisfaction, free from any mixture of shame or repentance.

COVETOUSNESS is an eager desire of getting and keeping the goods of this life in a manner that is contrary to the command of God, and inconsistent with the welfare of men. It consists in an habitual tendency or lust of the soul, whereby it is carried out and inclined towards the enjoyment of worldly riches, as its highest end and chiefest good.

On the BIRTH of an INFANT.

Welcome little helpless stranger,
Welcome to the light of day;
Smile upon thy happy mother,
Smile and chase her pains away.

Lift thy eyes and look around thee,
Various objects court thy sight;
Nature spreads her verdant carpet,
Earth was made for thy delight,

Welcome to a mother's bosom,
Welcome to a father's arms;
Heir to all thy father's virtues,
Heir to all thy mother's charms.

Joy thou bring'st but mixt with trembling;
Anxious joys and tender fears,
Pleasing hopes and mingled sorrows,
Smiles of transport dash'd with tears.

Who can say what lies before thee,
Calm or tempest, peace or strife;
With what various turns and trials
Heaven may mark thy chequer'd life.

Who can tell what eager passions
In this little breast shall beat,
When ambition, love, or glory
Shall invade this peaceful seat.

Who can tell how wide the branches
Of this tender plant may spread?
While beneath this ample shadow
Swains may rest and flocks be fed.

Angels guard thee lovely blossom,
Hover round and shield from ill;
Crown thy parents largest wishes
And their fondest hopes fulfill.'

A SUDDEN

A SUDDEN death is the object of universal dread.— And certainly, nothing can be a more affecting spectacle, than to behold gay unthinking creatures, removed in a moment, from the tumultuous hurries of the world, and the defiling pleasures of sin, to the enlightened tribunal of God; where they must receive an irrevocable sentence, according to the deeds done in the body.

THOUGH the king of terrors hourly extends his conquests over all sorts and conditions of men, who are all made of the same mould, and must all crumble into the same dust; though, this day, one friend mournfully follows another to his long home; and, when a few glasses more are run, others attend him to the like melancholy mansions of the dead; though we frequently see some leaving this world in their full strength and vigour, wholly at ease and quiet, and though we often see those go first to the grave that came last into the world; yet notwithstanding the many and constant summonses to think seriously of this great change, with what unaccountable folly do the generality of mankind, cheat themselves out of an eternity of bliss, by their supine neglect of a timely preparation for their last hour. Death creeps upon them under such circumstances, how importunately do they then apply to heaven in words like those of the distressed Psalmist: “O spare me a little that I may recover myself before I go hence, and am no more seen!” But such late wishes are in vain: nothing can keep off the deadly stroke.

THUS fond man himself deluding,
Building fancy'd joys on high:
Lo, some sudden cares intruding,
All his airy prospects die.

Lighter than a water bubble
Are the transports earth can give,
Mixt with sorrow, pain and trouble:
To be virtuous is to live.

The PROGRESS of LIFE.

HOW gaily is at first begun
 Our life's uncertain race,
 Whilst the sprightly morning sun,
 With which we first set out to run
 Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies
 How tempting to look thro' ?
 Parnassus to the Poet's eyes,
 Nor beauty with a sweet surprize,
 Does more inviting shew.

How promising the Book of Fate,
 'Till thoroughly understood ;
 Whilst partial hopes such lots create
 That does the youthful fancy cheat
 With all that's great and good.

How soft the first ideas move
 That wander in our mind ;
 How full the joy, how fair the love,
 Which does that early season move
 Like flow'rs the western wind.

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
 But April drops our tears,
 Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
 Whilst beauty compensates our care,
 And youth each vapour clears.

But oh ! too soon, alas ! we climb,
 Scarce feeling we ascend
 The gentle rising hill of time
 From whence with grief we see that prime
 And all its sweetness end.

The die once cast, our fortune known,
 Fond expectation past;
 The thorns which former years have sown
 To crops of late repentance grown,
 Thro' which we toil at last.

Then ev'ry care's a driving harm;
 That helps to bear us down,
 Which fading smiles no more can charm;
 But ev'ry tear's a winter storm,
 And ev'ry look a frown.

Till with succeeding ill's oppress,
 For joys we hope to find,
 By age so rumpled and undrest,
 We gladly lay us down to rest.
 Nor cast a look behind.

IN some cases it requires more courage to live than to die. He that is not prepared for death, shall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain apprehensions as with real dangers; but the important point is, to secure a well-grounded hope of a blessed immortality.

LET us all so order our conversation in the world, that we may live, when we are dead, in the affections of the best, and leave an honourable testimony in the consciences of the worst. Let us oppress none; do good to all; that we may say when we die, as good Ambrose did, "I am neither ashamed to live, nor afraid to die!"

DRUNKENNESS being nothing but a voluntary madness, it emboldens men to undertake all sorts of mischief. It both irritates wickedness, and discovers it; it does not only make men vicious, but shews them to be so; and the end of it is either shame or repentance.

IF you would not be thought a fool in other's conceit, be not wise in your own; he that trusts to his own wisdom, proclaims his own folly.

TERTULLIAN faith of the primitive Christians,
 “ They sat not down before they prayed ; they eat no more
 “ than might suffice hunger ; they drank no more than what
 “ was sufficient for temperate men ; they did so eat and
 “ drink, as those that remembered they must pray after-
 “ wards.”

WOULD you contract a friendship that should last a long time, be a long time in contracting it.

— ILL suits it man unerring heav’n to guide !
 ’Tis mine content its bounty to receive,
 Than I to ask, it better knows to give.
 Nor have I wish to name, but this alone,
 Ever our blest Creator’s will be done !

On the PLENTIFUL HARVEST.

PROFITIOUS day ! we hail thy grateful light
 Heav’n-born, before th’ Almighty’s high command
 Confin’d the ocean wave : and now, bright orb
 Extend thy cheerful beam with radiance mild,
 While Nature’s boon brings forth her choicest stores,
 Long wish’d-for joy.— Now shines the teeming soil
 With golden plenty deck’d, and gaily smiles.
 The fruitful hill, and rich extended vale,
 Gladden the farmer’s heart, erst fill’d with care,
 Lest the keen frost, or fatal eastern wind,
 Destroy the tender blade, and dash his hopes.
 Joyous he views the full-ripe waving ear,
 Luxuriant, bending to the crooked steel ;
 Nor longer deems his honest labour vain :
 Grateful begins his hard, but pleasing toil.
 Nor will we cease to praise the bounteous hand
 Which largely gives, preventing all our wants,
 And more than crowns our hopes. • Let morn and eve
 Be sacred to our song, just tribute due !
 Ye woods, and vocal hills, resound the lay
 Melodious ; attend ye list’ning vales,
 Breathe soft ye winds, and swell the chorus wide.

AVARICE

AVARICE aspires after the possession of all the earth and heaven too ; but is not he who made heaven and earth, of more value than both put together ?

IN such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side ;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves : that thus,
We may with patience, bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathize with others, suffering more.

FAITH is the fruitful parent of all other graces, and can never be too carefully cultivated and improved. 'Tis the source of pleasure, the lamp of wisdom, and soul of virtue ! 'tis that mysterious ladder by which the soul ascends to heaven, and heaven descends to it, by which a joyful correspondence is continually held between it and its Creator. Faith is that celestial flame that purifies the soul from dross and pollution ; and opens in it a new and glorious scene, gilded with the ineffable brightness of the Deity, adorned with the inconceivable delights of a blissful eternity, and enriched with ravishing hopes, pure desires, love divine, and joy unutterable.

THOU Good Supreme ! the joy of worlds above,
Whose yoke is freedom ! and whose laws are love !
Oh ! keep my country from oppression free,
And when chastis'd, may it be done by thee !
Yet spare, O ! spare the rod our crimes demand,
And bid repentance save a sinful land.
No captive's sigh be heard throughout our street,
But peace and joy in blest embraces meet ;
And with these blessings, yet one more be giv'n.
One more exalted,—Gratitude to heav'n.

THOSE actions and dispositions, which are kind, generous, and beneficent, and do evidently tend to the general good, will always appear amiable, and win our love
and

and esteem, even though we receive no advantage from them; but if they are beneficial to us, they excite a farther affection, called gratitude.

IT is said of the pious Archbishop of Cambray, that "he saw the faults of his friends, and bore them with great mildness and sweetness of temper. He waited the proper moment of speaking; laid hold of it when it came; and knew how to season his advice in such a manner, that the most unpleasing truths from him would give no offence."—It is often, said he, our own imperfection which makes us reprove the imperfections of others, a sharp-sighted self-love of our own, which cannot pardon the self-love of others. The passions of other men seem insupportable to him who is governed by his own. Divine Charity makes great allowances for the weaknesses of others, bears with them, and treats them with gentleness and condescension. It is never over hasty in its proceeding. The less we have of self-love, the more easily we accommodate ourselves to the imperfections of others, in order to cure them patiently, when the right season arrives for it. Imperfect virtue is apt to be sour, severe, and implacable. Perfect virtue is meek, affable, and compassionate. It thinks of nothing but doing good, bearing others burdens. It is this principle of disinterestedness with regard to ourselves, and of compassion for others, which is the true bond of society.—To one of his friends he wrote as follows: I request you not to spare me in telling my faults. Though you should think you discover a fault in me, which perhaps I have not, the misfortune will not be great. If your intimations offend me, I shall see thereby that you have reached the quick. Thus you will do me a great kindness, by inuring me to reproof, and to a Christian lowliness of spirit. The higher I am raised in rank, the more I ought to be humbled. I have need of this simplicity; and, I hope that, far from weakening our union, it will be a means to strengthen it.

Towards the year 1709 a young Prince visited and spent some time with him at his palace, and, in divers conversations they had together, listened to him with great veneration and docility. The Archbishop recommended to him
especially,

especially, never to compel his subjects to change their religion. " Liberty of thought, (said he to him) is an impregnable fortress, which no human power can force. Violence can never convince, it only makes hypocrites. When kings take upon them to direct in matters of religion, instead of protecting it, they bring it into bondage. You ought therefore to grant to all a legal toleration, not as approving every thing indifferently, but suffering with patience what God suffers, and endeavouring to restore such as are misled, by soft and gentle persuasion."

O HAPPY souls, who, free from vice,
Possess the pearl of greatest price;
Who still each worthiest aim pursue,
And stubborn ills with good subdue!

HAPPY it is for those who from their tender years, while the inclination was yet flexible and yielding, have been trained up in the use of self-denial, and frequently obliged to endure what they were averse to, and to forego what was the object of their desire, to refrain from unlawful pleasure, and to undergo some labour and hardship; for this will ever after contribute very much to the health and strength both of their bodies and minds: and they who have effectually acquired this habit, will not be hurried away by their unruly passions, but having the reins in their own hands, will find no difficulty to stop in their full career, and divert their motions into another course, as virtue and reason shall direct.

PRESENT evil will, by fretfulness and impatience, be rendered more grievous than is necessary; but by looking forward, hope will cheer us with a pleasing prospect of relief; or if it is an evil which cannot be avoided, the consideration of the common appointments of life, and how necessary it is that all men shall receive evil as well as good, will help us to bear it with patience and contentment.

THE wretched and miserable do, before all others, claim our notice and regard: and the first, as well as the most
pleasing

pleasing office of charity, is to succour the distressed, to comfort the afflicted, and to supply the wants of the indigent: and, in one word, so far as we are able, to alleviate the sorrows of all who are oppressed with trouble and misfortune of any kind.

I ENVY none their pageantry and shew,
 I envy none the gilding of their woe.
 Give me indulgent Heav'n, with mind serene
 A guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene,
 Where rural objects useful thoughts suggest,
 The soul is ravish'd, and the senses blest.
 In every bush some pleasing lesson grows,
 In every brook some soft instruction flows.

VIRTUE alone can give true joy;
 The sweets of virtue never cloy.
 May I delight in doing good,
 In justice, truth, and gratitude.
 In aiding those whom cares oppress,
 And giving comfort to distress.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator! the darling of Providence! thou art distinguished by his goodness; distinguish thyself also by thy gratitude. Be it thy one undivided aim, to glorify him, who has done so much to gratify thee. While all the inferior creatures, in silent eloquence, declare the glory of God, do thou lend them thy tongue. Be thou the high-priest of the mute creation: let their praises become vocal in thy songs. Adore the Supreme Benefactor, for the blessings he showers down upon every order of beings: adore him for numberless mercies, which are appropriated to thyself: but, above all, adore him, for that noble gift of a rational and immortal soul.

THINK upon the vanity and shortness of human life, and let death and eternity be often in your minds; for these thoughts will strengthen and exalt your minds, make you wise and judicious, and truly sensible of the littleness of all human things.

O! LET

O! LET the Christian bless that glorious day,
 When outward forms shall all be done away;
 When we in spirit, and in truth alone,
 Shall bend, O God! before thy awful throne,
 And thou our purer worship shalt approve,
 By sweet returns of everlasting love.

TO be humble in all our actions, to avoid every appearance of pride and vanity, to be meek and lowly in our words, actions, dress, behaviour, and designs, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, is worshipping God in a higher manner, than they who have only set times to fall low on their knees in devotions. He that contents himself with necessities, that he may give the remainder to those that want it; that dares not to spend any money foolishly, because he considers it as a talent from God, which must be used according to his will, praises God with something that is more glorious than songs of praise.

PRACTISE humility, and reject every thing in dress, or carriage, or conversation, that has any appearance of pride.

HUMILITY is so amiable a quality, that it forces our esteem wherever we meet with it. There is hardly a possibility of despising the meanest person that has it, or of esteeming the greatest man that wants it.

LET every day be a day of humility; condescend to the weaknesses and infirmities of your fellow-creatures, love their excellencies, encourage their virtues, relieve their wants, rejoice in their prosperities, compassionate their distresses, receive their friendship, overlook their wickedness, forgive their malice, be a servant of servants, and condescend to do the lowest offices.

AS God has created all things for the common good of all men, so let that part of them which is fallen to your share, be employed as he would have all employed, for the common good of all.

THE

THE greatest sinners receive daily instances of God's goodness towards them; he nourishes and preserves them, that they may repent, and return to him. Do you therefore imitate God, and think no one too bad to receive your relief and kindness, when you see that he wants it.

AT thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve:
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.

ON SYMPATHY.

LET stoics boast the cold relentless heart,
This bosom knows in grief to sympathise;
Nor would I with the soft sensation part,
For pleasing passions with the painful rise.
Benevolence, soft gentle pity, knows
The wish to comfort tho' the wish be vain,
Her tender heart still melts at others woes,
Nor centers in itself its bliss or pain.
Her I would ever cherish in my breast,
For her's are moral virtues, are divine,
Her laws are Nature's, God's, and therefore best;
His precepts make my neighbours int'rest mine.
When friendship adds her soft engaging ties,
What duty bids, is choice, is pleasure here;
By sympathy our joys increasing rise
And grief is softened by the mingling tear.
Not stoic fortitude should e'er controul
Its force, in grief or joy when friendship flows;
Religion only should command the soul,
And bound alike our pleasures and our woes.

LET us all endeavour so to live now, as we shall wish we had done when we come to lie upon our death-beds; or as we shall then resolve to live, in case God should continue our lives to us. Let us peruse those things now, which

which we shall be able to think of and reflect upon with pleasure when we come to die, and forsake all those things, the remembrance of which at that time will be bitter to us. Let us now, whilst we are well and in health, cherish the same thoughts and apprehensions of things, that we shall have when we are sick and dying: let us now despise this world as much, and think as ill of sin, as seriously of God and eternity, as we shall then do. For this is the great commendation of the righteous man, that every one desires to die his death, that at last, all men are of his mind and persuasion, and would choose his condition, " Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

SINCERITY signifies a simplicity of mind and manners in our conversation and carriage one towards another, singleness of heart, discovering itself in a constant plainness, and honest openness of behaviour, free from all insidious devices, and little tricks, and fetches of craft and cunning; from all false appearances, and deceitful disguises of ourselves in word or action; or yet more plainly, it is to speak as we think, and do what we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and, in a word, really to be, what we would seem and appear to be.

AN heart that rightly computes the difference between temporals and eternals, may resolve with the Prophet, " Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labour of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herds in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

FRUGALITY is good, if liberality is joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expences; the last bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins covetousness; the last without the first begins prodigality: both together make an excellent temper.

The HAPPY MAN.

HOW blest the man who free from care and strife,
 Leads not with lux'ry, but content, his life ;
 Who walks with health, where temp'rance points the way,
 And joins with gratitude to praise or pray ;
 From pleasure's cup with just disdain who turns,
 Nor yet for honour's glitt'ring pageant burns ;
 Who looks with pity where pale av'rice pines
 O'er gems, and gold yet rip'ning in the mines.
 To fretful passion leaves each childish toy,
 And aims, with glorious zeal, at reason's joy :
 Who marks the wonders of creating pow'r,
 From heav'n's bright orb, to earth's uncultur'd flow'r ;
 Sees nature, taught of God, dispense her laws,
 And traces all things upward to their cause ;
 To moral science, higher still would rise,
 And asks of sacred wisdom, to be wise ;
 Yet stops where awful mystery draws the veil,
 And trusts, where angels must of knowledge fail :
 Whose eyes turn'd inward, his own heart explore,
 Try all its depths, and trace it o'er and o'er,
 Who bounds the wand'ring wish, the tow'ring thought,
 And toils to practise all that Jesus taught.

He, cloth'd in heav'nly arms, shall still prevail
 When sin and satan, and the world assail.
 No fabled Ægis, faith's immortal shield
 He lifts, and knows the Spirit's sword to wield ;
 Salvation's helmet shall his brows defend,
 And the fierce fight in more than conquest end.
 In heav'n's high tow'rs his triumph is decreed,
 And peace eternal is the hero's meed
 How blest the mortal, who but falls to rise,
 Who fights on earth, to triumph in the skies !

AN exalted station always brings with it a weight of
 cares, and he is happier who, in the humble vale of life,
 pursues his way in the paths of reason and of virtue, than
 he who shares the favours of a Prince, or the applauses of
 a giddy multitude.

TO aspire after things beyond your reach, is to expect more than you are entitled to, or than reason can desire. Remember the declaration of the apostolic writer: " They who will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows." Observation and reflection will easily point out the impropriety and folly of those who, on their first setting out in life, launch into dangerous and unwarrantable schemes.

HASTEN to reform yourself, that you may labour with success in the reformation of others.

VERY few tempers have wisdom and firmness enough to be proof against flattery; it requires great consideration, and a resolute modesty and humility, to resist the insinuations of this serpent.

IN your ordinary calling, see that you undertake nothing but what is lawful in its end; and endeavour to accomplish nothing by any but by lawful means, that you may have always the comfort of a conscience void of offence. Nay, you should even do more; you should endeavour to act so single and sincere a part, as to be beyond the imputation of a fraud, that all who know you may put the most unbounded confidence in your integrity.

There are many other calumnies which we may naturally expect from the malicious, and it ought to trouble us very little to hear them; but it must be extremely distressing to a good man to be but suspected of dishonesty. " What would it profit a man, if by the secret and dark mysteries of trade he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Would the heaps of his dishonest wealth administer consolation in a dying hour? Would these alleviate his horrors in the views of a certain and swiftly approaching dissolution?—No!—

" Now plung'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,
 " He finds too late all earthly riches vain.
 " Disease makes fruitless every sordid fee,
 " And Death still answers—What is gold to me?"

WERE we to receive a charitable donation at the hand of some humane earthly friend, we should be ready to make every acknowledgment in our power; we should feel some pain in recollecting but one opportunity where we might have shewn our thankfulness and gratitude, but which was then neglected or forgotten: and if we pretend to be sensible of our obligations to that friend who sticketh closer than a brother, who giveth all things liberally without upbraiding, by what shall we demonstrate the sincerity of our pretensions, if not by yielding that obedience we acknowledge to be due, and which the present state of our existence renders both our privilege and our duty.

THAT to be great is to be happy, is one of those errors which have almost at all ages prevailed among the generality of mankind. But that to be good is to be happy, is a secret reserved for the wise and virtuous few, who are the grace and ornament of themselves, their friends, and their country.

SUCH is the state of human life, that even misery itself seems a necessary ingredient to our happiness, since many of our pleasures are only alleviations of pain; and even those which are the most real and natural, are very much enhanced and recommended by some antecedent uneasiness: insomuch that if all pain could be taken away, the pleasures remaining would be but few, and those too so very dull and insipid as to afford but small enjoyment: and we should then be reduced to a state of perfect indolence and inactivity.

EVERY benevolent and generous spirit, who sincerely delights in the good of others, will not fail to improve all opportunities to promote the happiness of all who come within his influence. There are none so completely prosperous, so perfectly free from all trouble and disturbance as to stand in no need of the good offices of their fellow-creatures; but there are numberless occasions wherein without being injurious to ourselves, we may do another a pleasure, and contribute greatly to his satisfaction.

TO SILENCE.

SILENCE, thou gentle nurse of thought,
 And friend to wisdom's rules;
 Fair science oft thy aid has sought,
 When tir'd with noisy schools.

With thee, when vain amusements tire,
 We languish to be blest;
 'Tis thine to sooth, compose, inspire,
 And give for tumult, rest.

The sprightly song, the jocund tale,
 The dance, the glitt'ring crowd,
 While laughter, jest, and sport prevail,
 Are wild, confus'd, and loud,

Thy sober pause of calm delight,
 Reproves the madly gay;
 So, grateful interposing night
 Succeeds the busy day.

Thy solemn influence when we share,
 Indulgent, soft, and kind;
 Reflection comes with serious air,
 And whispers to the mind:

A maxim whispers, oh how true!
 That 'tis my chief concern,
 My thoughts in silence to review,
 And only hear and learn.

TAKE heed of speaking when thou art angry: anger takes off the bridle from the tongue, and sets up passion to guide it, which useth not a bridle but a spur. As the philosopher said, " I would beat thee, if I were not angry." So say thou, " I would chide thee, if I were not angry " Passion knows not how to give correction, instruction, or reproof.

IT is not sufficient to ask advice ; but we must follow it, and willingly submit our own judgment to that of others.

REMEMBER, oh ! young man, thy Creator in the days of thy youth, and do not make provision for shame and sorrow in thy elder years : think not that God will be put off with the dregs and refuse of thy days. Keep innocency whilst young, and it will yield thee unspeakable comfort all thy life long ; and thou wilt lay up a good foundation also against the time to come. Behold, life and death are set before thee ; if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments, and early employ thyself in so doing.

ODE TO CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spreads the truth from pole to pole.

What, tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What, tho' nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that form'd us is divine ! "

AMONG

AMONG those that are of a weak and base disposition, merit begetteth envy; but among men of a truly generous spirit, it raiseth a noble emulation.

BEWARE of the man that hath no regard to his own reputation; for it is not likely he should have any regard for yours.

BEWARE of envy; for to grudge any man the advantages he may have, either in person or fortune, is to censure the liberality of Providence, and be angry at the goodness of God.

NEVER anticipate your own misfortune, for that is to aggravate it: the meer apprehension of being unhappy, may often more disquiet us than the unhappiness itself.

A CONTENTED mind enjoyeth more than all the treasures of both Indies; and he that is master of himself, in an innocent homely retreat, enjoyeth all the wealth and curiosities of the universe.

CHILDREN should be sure to make a conscience of loving and honouring their parents; and remember that the command that enjoins it, is the first commandment with promise, and that a grievous curse is annexed to the violaters of it: "The eye that mocketh his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways
Upward and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport, till tempest wing'd
Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer's life in fortune's shine—
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
'Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

CAN

CAN it be the part of a rational creature to make diversion its capital concern? She, in whom those desires are predominant, is unfitted for the character of a mother, wife, or friend, or even of a member of society: as in the whirl of dissipation she is forgetful of herself, and of course neglects what would make her useful to others, and promote her own happiness.

THE Princesses, in all the courts of Germany, sit closely to work with their women about them, and do not think domestic affairs below their concern; but they would blush to be found idle. Far from taking it into their heads, that the scandalous privilege of doing nothing belongs to women, they demand and exercise their rights: they account the love of employment a virtue,—a virtue which supports the rest, and does honour to their sex, even on a throne.

“ LIFE, says Seneca, is a voyage, in the progress of which, we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better, and more pleasing part of old age.”

WE must use the sacred name of God with all humble reverence, not prophaning it by using it in idle, impertinent talk, or in common discourse.

WE should frequently represent to children with respect to the benefits of God, that all comes from him, our soul, our body, our life, our parents, our friends, the earth which we walk upon, the air which we breathe in, the sun which enlightens us, the food which nourisheth us, the cloaths which cover us, the fire which warms us. We ought to endeavour to awaken in them on all these occasions, and every day, the desire of being grateful towards God, and thanking him for all and every one of these things, as often as they have occasion to make use of them. If we ought to make grateful returns to a mortal man when he does us good, much more ought we to make them to God, who hath both made that man, and doth us good by him.

AN HYMN.

HAIL, King Supreme ! all wise, and good ;
To thee my voice I raise ;
While nature's beauties wide display'd,
Inspire my soul to praise.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
These scenes entice my view ;
Oft as I gaze my heart exults
With transport ever new.

Thy glory beams in every star,
That gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the rosy face of morn
With cheering rays of light.

The sunny glade, the dew-bright lawn,
With matchless beauties shine ;
Each lovely haunt, and awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

The limpid stream that warbling flows,
And leaves its mossy fides :
Still as it warbles, speaks its God,
And praises as its glides.

From spray to spray the ceaseless hymn
Employs the feather'd throng ;
To Thee their willing throats they swell,
And trill their grateful song.

Still, God of Nature, let these scenes
My serious hours engage ;
Still let my raptur'd heart consult
Great Nature's moral page.

So shall my early tow'ring strain
The morning lark's excel ;
And grateful close the setting day
With ev'ning Philomel.

GOOD

GOOD children will not lie, nor dispute, nor contradict, nor speak unprofitably; neither will they seek for excuse when they have done amiss, but be ready to confess ingenuously their faults, and beg forgiveness. We can never reasonably expect pardon of our sins, while we continue to excuse them.

WE ought not too much to rejoice in pleasing men, or in being esteemed or praised by them, in being handsome, well cloathed, well provided for, and well accommodated in all things; for all these may terminate in sadness, which will be so much the more afflicting, as we have set our hearts more passionately upon them.

BE content with a few things; take delight in what is simple and plain; mindful of that poverty which the Son of God took upon himself for you, and recommended to you. You are the disciples, he the Master and Teacher: you the servants, he the Lord. Let the disciple rejoice in that he imitates his master: let the servant be glad in that he follows his Lord.

ADVICE TO SWEARERS.

LIKE all the num'rous sins which lawless rage,
And form the vices of the present age,
Swearing, with dreadful fury takes its course,
And conquers reason with its savage force.

Vile thoughtless wretches for destruction call,
And seek damnation to o'erwhelm them all:
Forfake that God who life and being gave,
And curse that very soul they wish to save.

If nought will hence, let future judgment move,
Nor force the vengeance of the pow'r above:
His anger kindles, tremble at his rod;
Make no delay, but quickly turn to God.

AS he that lives longest, lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow. But he that has already trifled away those months and years, in which he should have laboured, must remember, that of what he has now only a part, the whole is little; and that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of heaven, not one is to be lost.

“ OF him, to whom much is given, much shall be required.” Those to whom God has granted superior faculties, and more extensive capacities, and made eminent for quickness of intuition, and accuracy of distinction, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which, in souls less exalted and enlightened, may be guiltless. But, surely, none can think without horror on that man’s condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he has had more means of excelling in virtue, and used the light imparted from heaven only to embellish folly, and to palliate crimes.

TO THEE, oh Father! fill’d with fervent zeal,
And sunk in humble silence, I appeal;
Take me, my great Creator, to thy care,
And gracious listen to my ardent pray’r.

Supreme of Beings! omnipresent pow’r!
My great preserver from my natal hour!
Fountain of wisdom, boundless Deity!
Omniscient God! my wants are known to thee: }
With mercy look on my infirmity!
Whatever state thou shalt for me ordain,
Whether my lot in life be joy or pain,
Patient may I sustain thy wise decree,
And learn to know myself, and honour thee.

THERE is no probability that any one should do all the duty that is expected from him, or make that progress in piety, which the holiness and justice of God requires of him, but he that is constantly afraid of falling short of it.

ODE to a FRIEND.

WHY, oh my friend! should man be vain,
 If bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth and state?

Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems to deck the hair;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or smooth the brow of care?

The scepter'd prince, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The poor, the rich, the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie.

Go search the tombs, where monarchs rest,
 Who once high worldly titles bore;
 Fled is that grandeur they possess'd,
 And all their greatness is no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the skies,
 And sweeps along a gilded train;
 But when its short-liv'd beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.

TOO great an opinion of one's self, with a desire after honours, and laying claim to more than is our share, is vanity and pride, which commonly disappoint their own purpose, and instead of gaining esteem, bring a person into contempt.

LEARN by the Bee from each event to find
 Some hint of use or profit to your mind:
 Nothing so small but you may draw from thence
 Improvement for your virtue or your sense.
 Honey like this, life's evils will assuage,
 And yield you sweets in your declining age.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
 A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd:
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
 Why thus, lovely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay;
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn:
 O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away;
 Full quickly they pass,—but they never return!

Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays,
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again.—
 But man's faded glory no change shall renew;
 Ah, fool, to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 Kind nature the embryo-blossom shall save,—
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
 Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

SEQUEL to the HERMIT.

'T WAS thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
 That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

“ O! pity, great Father of light! then I cry’d,
 Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
 From doubt, and from darkness, thou only canst free.”
 And darkness, and doubt, are now flying away:
 No longer I roam, in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!

AS the pleasures and advantages of religion, are inexpressibly great here and hereafter, so the madness and misery of irreligion, are inexpressibly dreadful, both in this world and the next.

PERHAPS nothing affords greater encouragement to serious minds than to find that men of like passions, placed in the same dangerous circumstances, and surrounded with equal trials and temptations, have, by the assistance of Divine Grace, bravely conquered the difficulties of the Christian life, and run with patience the race set before them.

HUMILITY, patience, self-denial, and forgiveness of injuries, carry their own reward with them, by establishing the mind in tranquility and peace: while pride, envy, wrath, and revenge, embitter the spirits, corrode the vitals, and devour every easy thought.

AMBITIOUS men can conceive no good or happiness, but that which they imagine must arise from greatness; yet he is often the object of envy, who, if the secrets of his heart were known, might more properly be said to deserve pity.

HE who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will be likely to bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

LET

LET your morning sacrifice steadily ascend as a sincere token of the gratitude you feel for the mercies of another night; and your evening devotion as a renewed testimony of the sense you have of God's kind protection and goodness through the vicissitudes of another day. In so doing, you will experience a delight and pleasure that will induce you to persevere in the midst of surrounding opposition; and it is this pleasure, that will strengthen and support you under many of the trials you must expect to meet with, in civil, in domestic, and religious life. It is this that will make the most pressing difficulties appear comparatively light; and if they are set in competition with the many spiritual blessings with which you are indulged, they will dwindle into nothing.

WHEN Snows descend, and robe the fields
 In Winter's bright array;
 Struck by the Sun, the lustre yields,
 And weeps itself away.

The Violet blue, which spring supplies,
 Sends forth a rich perfume;
 But, oh! how soon the fragrance dies!
 How transient is the bloom!

The Summer Rose, at morn full blown,
 Is wither'd e'er 'tis night;
 The balmy gift, just made our own,
 We mourn the lost delight.

With streaming fire, a meteor gay
 Streaks autumn's ev'ning skies;
 As lights the blaze, it shoots away,
 And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms adorn the face,
 And sparkle in the eye;
 So every beauty, every grace,
 The fair possessor fly.

DOWN the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
 Gay as the morn, bright glows the vernal sky:
 Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course;
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
 Where virtue takes her stand, but if too far
 He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
 Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

THIS may be laid down as a general maxim, that whoever is not sincere to man, can never be sincere to God; nor can he that is unsincere to God, be ever sincere to man: for without sincerity there can be no virtue, either moral or divine.

IF we do not believe God to be infinitely wiser than ourselves, why do we worship him? if we do, why do we not with an happy assurance commit ourselves, and all that belongs to us, entirely to his will and disposal?

THERE are two extraordinary virtues to be learned from human imperfection. The imperfections of others may teach us patience; and our own may teach us humility.

BY so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

TRUE wit consists in retrenching all useless discourse; and in saying a great deal in a few words.

TO be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He must cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress, wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourse, is gentle, obliging, and humane.

FROM an humble and contented temper, will spring a cheerful one. This, if not in itself a virtue, is at least the garb in which virtue should be always arrayed.

HOW

HOW little does he know of the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleasing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life: its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation.

O! then of what avails the pompous hour?
Of what the bustle for superior pow'r?
How fair the structures which on virtue rise!
Admir'd for ever by the good and wise!
More precious these than all terrestrial things,
Than all the smiles, and all the crowns of kings!

IF we compare our adversities with those of other men, we shall always find something that equals, if not exceeds our own.

LET us not inquire into the affairs of others that concern us not, but be busied within ourselves, and our own spheres; ever remembering, that to pry into the actions or interests of other people not under our charge, may minister to pride, to tyranny, to uncharitableness, to trouble, but can never consist with modesty, unless where duty, or the meer intentions of charity and relation do warrant it.

HOW swiftly glide the fleeting years!

Nor virtue, piety, nor tears,

Their rapid course can stay;

Time blasts, alas! the fairest face,

Death hastens on with steady pace,

To summon us away.

He mocks the feeble pow'rs of man;

Nor all the richest treasures can

Protract the final doom:

The rich, the poor, the great, the small,

Must yield obedience to his call,

And fill alike the tomb.

THE humble address which the prodigal made to his father, (in that excellent parable given us by Christ) the father's return to it, and the manner of his reception into favour, is exceedingly expressive of the becoming penitence of the one, and the mercy of the other: " I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me therefore as one of thy hired servants." The tender parent compassionates his distress, takes the prodigal in his arms, owns him for his son; orders the fatted calf to be killed, and rebukes the envy of his elder brother with, " this my son was dead but is alive again; was lost but is found!" — O the height and depth of the goodness and mercy of God! Look unto him all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved.

THE virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 Secur'd by Innocence from harm;
 While Guilt and his associate Fear,
 Are startled at the passing air.

AN inadvertent step may crush a snail
 That crawls at ev'ning, in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

LET me, oh! let me, e'er the tempest roar,
 Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore;
 In sacred silence, join the lowly train,
 Where humble peace, and sweet contentment reign.

————— I'LL range the mead,
 Or flow'ry lawn, crop each luxuriant shrub,
 And court simplicity. She—modest maid,
 Is ever seen to tread the lovely paths
 Of blushing innocence.

COULD I the spacious earth command,
 Or was the ocean mine,
 For but one hour at God's right hand,
 I'd gladly both resign.

WHO would not heartily engage in all the labours and exercises of a pious life, be “ stedfast, immoveable, and “ always abounding in the work of the Lord,” when he sees what dull sensuality, what poor views, what gross enjoyments, they are left to, who seek for happiness in other ways.

’TIS sense of cold, hunger, thirst, and nakedness, that supplies the poor beggar at your door with pertinent expressions and arguments: he needs not the help of a friend or book to furnish him. So, if we know ourselves, and feel our condition, and set God before us as our God, able and ready to help us, he whose gift the true spirit of supplication is, understands the language even of sighs and tears, and “ groanings which cannot be uttered.”

LORD of my life! O let thy sacred ray,
Shine o’er my heart, and break its clouds away;
Deluding, flattering, faithless world adieu!
Long hast thou taught me,—God alone is true.

HAIL, sweet Content! where joy serene,
Gilds the mild soul’s unruffled scene,
And with blithe fancy’s pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought,
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace.

THE conveniencies of life are, by no means, a contemptible concern, where they are bounded with temperance, and confined within their proper channel: but as there is a part in us of infinitely greater, of no less than eternal moment; it also requires an attention proportionable to its proper worth; for what are temporal concerns, when compared with the important one of eternity!

TEACH me the kind endearing art,
To ease the mourner’s broken heart;
To heal the rankling wounds of care,
And soothe the frenzy of despair.

’TIS

'TIS an usual saying, " that short reckonings make long friends : " continue this short and frequent reckoning ; ever esteeming the numbering of your days aright, to be the most necessary and blessed exercise ; that hereby ye may be in a continual readiness for your final removal, how sudden so ever it may be permitted.

THE grave, to which we are all hastening, ought to be an early lesson of serious instruction, founding the alarm in the ears of every youth ; seeing it is frequently opened to receive its victims in the very bloom of life ; and before the years draw nigh, in which, in the course of nature, they can take no pleasure. Boast not therefore thyself of to-morrow, since thou knowest not what a day may bring forth ; but rather let the example of others teach thee, the absolute necessity of improving the present moments ; and duly to reflect upon the imminent danger of delay.

FRAIL as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

IT is our duty, as frail dependant beings, to meet every dispensation of Providence, with that resignation of spirit which incessantly breathes the humble language of " not my will, O Lord ! but thine, be done in all things. "— Under the evils which we feel, and which our prudence could not prevent, let us rather implore Divine aid to endure them with patience, than to pray that they may be removed from us ; lest, like ignorant children, we should seek to avoid that portion from our heavenly Father's hand, by which he graciously designed to remove, or prevent a greater evil.—This is not the place of our rest, but a state of probation, a painful pilgrimage, a land of pits and snares, and through which lies a narrow path to the regions of eternal peace.

MUST one cease to be virtuous to escape being exposed to the darts of envy ? What a calamity would it be if the sun ceased shining, that weak eyes might not be offended !

WHILE

WHILE the censorious man is forward to condemn, without any clear evidence, from idle stories, bare suspicions, or mere surmises only; the charitable man, is slow in forming a judgment, and wisely resolves to wait for the full evidence before he presumes to pass sentence.

A Gentleman, who died some years ago, desired a Dial to be erected on his Grave, with the following lines:

NO marble pomp, no monumental praise,
My tomb, this dial; epitaph, these lays;
Pride, and low mould'ring clay, but ill agree:
Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.
Alive, instruction was my work each day;
Dead, I persist instruction to convey.
Here, reader mark, (perhaps now in thy prime)
The stealing steps of never-standing time
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the present hour!
Employ that well, for that's within thy pow'r.

MANY are the promises to the poor, "whom the Lord will deliver when he crieth, even him that hath no helper;" they are frequently encouraged to hope; while the rich, if they misapply the riches committed to their trust, we are assured, by Divine authority, will be constrained to weep: they enjoy the blessing and bounty of heaven, which they ought to apply to the noblest purposes, particularly the relief of their distressed brethren; "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, (saith our Saviour) ye have done it unto me." For which purpose he hath committed to some a larger share of temporal enjoyments; which ought to be a striking motive, a necessary incitement to well-doing: but, alas! instead of it, too frequently wealth becomes subservient to the purposes of pride, luxury, and wickedness: and therefore, our Lord remarks in another place, "how hard it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A LIAR begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

ALL

ALL the tender connections in life are but of uncertain duration, and upon them all this inscription is wrote, "They shall shortly perish;" but the love of God never fades. It is continued from generation to generation, and will remain when time shall be swallowed up in eternity.

HE who possesses a great deal is not the most happy; it is he who desires little, and knows how to enjoy it.

THE desire of doing well is debased by the desire of appearing to have done well.

IT is not in our power to command wealth, or wisdom, or authority, whereby we may assist our fellow-creatures; but a sympathetic temper may be fully approved in the sight of God without these; and the poor man who hath nothing to give, and no means of helping others, may yet bear in his bosom a heart as truly tender, as thoroughly disposed to shew mercy, and as acceptable in this respect before God, as he, who, in a more exalted station, enjoys the power as well as the heart.

IN the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, we are, in a most lively manner, shewn, how much we shall be mistaken in our judgments of human happiness, if we form them from outward circumstances in this life: in it we have the most awakening considerations offered us to induce charity and a holy life, in the different states allotted to each of them after death; and in the close of the parable, have the best arguments given us to rest satisfied with those revelations which God is pleased to make us of his will, and that we ought not to expect or desire more.

THOUGH the truly charitable man may sometimes see just cause to expose and paint a vicious character in its true light; yet will he be consistent, at least; he will give no countenance to such characters; while, at the same time, he is careful never causelessly to expose them; but, upon the whole, is tender of the reputation of all mankind.

AN ELEGY

On the miserable State of an AFRICAN SLAVE,

By W. SHENSTONE.

SEE, the poor Native, quit the Lybian shores,
 Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
 No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
 Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship heals his wound.
 Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
 Shall I the mockery of grief display?
 No, let the muse his piercing pangs disclose,
 Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!
 On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
 Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
 He dropt a tear, unseen, into the flood;
 He stole one secret moment to repine.
 Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
 Such moving plaints as nature could inspire;
 To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,
 But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre.
 "Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
 What savage race protects this impious gain?
 Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
 And more than sea-born monsters plough the main?
 Here the dire locusts, horrid swarms, prevail,
 Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
 Here the dry dipsa wriths his sinuous mail,
 Can we not here secure from envy dwell?
 When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace;
 When the stern panther fought his midnight prey,
 What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race?
 O race more polish'd, more severe than they!
 Ye prowling wolves pursue my latest cries!
 Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den;
 Ye sandy waites in rapid eddies rise!
 O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!
 Yet in their face superior beauty glows:
 Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
 Yet from their lips the voice of mercy flows,
 And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of

Of blisful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
 Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,
 But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,
 Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?
 No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
 Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
 They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
 And feign these distant regions to repay.
 For them our tusky elephant expires;
 For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold,
 Where rove the brutal nation's wild desires? —
 Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold!
 Yet stores there are, blest stores for us remain,
 And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd;
 Where tufted flowrets paint the verdant plain,
 Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.
 There the stern tyrant that embitters life,
 Shall vainly suppliant spread his asking hand;
 There shall we view the billows raging strife,
 Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

I WOULD not have a Slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
 No:—dear as Freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation priz'd above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave,
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

FOR happiness we search in vain:
 Kings, subjects—all alike complain:
 In virtue let thy time be spent,
 And to be happy be content.
 Life's but a trial, be resign'd,
 In heav'n alone true bliss thou'lt find.

THE reception the returning prodigal met with from his father (in the parable) must give the greatest sinner encouragement to repentance and amendment.

LET

LET us not fail frequently to reflect upon the greatness and number of our own faults, and the vast need we have of allowance both from God and man; considering how hard it would go with us, if men could see all the inmost thoughts of our hearts, or knew all the secret actions of our lives; and if God was to judge us with severity according to them. Let us first cast the beam out of our own eye before we pretend to remove the mote from our brother's.

Some REFLECTIONS upon hearing the Bell toll for the
Death of a Friend.

HARK!—what a mournful solemn sound
Rolls murm'ring through the cloudy air:
It strikes the soul with awe profound,
Affects the gay,—alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it speak!
Affecting deep the thoughtful mind:
The golden schemes of folly break,
That hold in glitt'ring snares mankind.

'Tis death's dread herald calls aloud,
Proclaims his conquest thro' the skies:
The sun retires behind a cloud,
And nature seems to sympathize.

Reflect, ye restless sons of care!
Your vain designs his hand can spoil;
Make hard oppressors lend an ear,
And wretched misers cease their toil.

For what avail vast heaps of gold
When death his awful writ shall send;
Tho' folly swell, and pride look bold,
The mask must drop, the farce must end.

It is not hoary tottering age,
That now lies stretch'd beneath his stroke;
The tyrant stern, that feels his rage,
Th' oppressor's rod that now is broke.

But oh!—'tis generous Cynthio's bell!
 Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom;
 For Cynthio, sounds the doleful knell,
 And calls him to the silent tomb.

Cynthio!—whose happy healing art,
 Turn'd from his friend death's fatal blow,
 And shielded from that threatening dart,
 Which now, alas!—has laid him low.

But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die,
 They leave a grateful rich perfume:
 And now transplanted to the sky,
 In heav'n's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark!—ah, what celestial notes,
 With grateful accents charm my ear!
 As down th' etherial music floats,
 The sun breaks forth, the skies are clear.

From heav'n descends the joyful strain,
 Convey'd to earth on angels wings;
 To mitigate our grief and pain,
 And this the theme of joy it brings:

“ Thus write (the voice from heav'n proclaims)
 The virtuous dead are ever blest!
 Their works immortalize their names,
 Their labours cease, and here they rest.

Behold the Saviour wide display,
 The trophies of his gen'rous love,
 To cheer you thro' life's thorny way,
 And lead to flow'ry realms above.

'Tis He destroys death's baneful sting,
 And bids the grave's dread horrors fly;
 The choirs of heav'n his triumph sing,
 And hail him victor thro' the sky.”

THE acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues.

THE Apostle's rule, "that if any man will not work, neither should he eat," extends to the rich as well as the poor; only supposing, that there are different kinds of work assigned to each. The reason is the same in both cases, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any.

IT is a sure indication of good sense to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are.

Extract from an ODE ON KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE or wealth to few are given;
But mark, how just the ways of heaven!
True joy to all is free;
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon;
'Tis thine, O conscience, thine alone:
It all belongs to thee.

Blest in thy smiles the shepherd lives,
Gay in his morn, his evening gives
Content and sweet repose;
Without them—ever, ever cloy'd
To sage or chief, one weary void
Is all that life bestows.

Then would'st thou, mortal! rise divine?
Let innocence of soul be thine,
With active goodness join'd:
Thy heart shall then confess thee blest,
And ever lively, joyful taste
The pleasures of the mind.

AN EVENING HYMN.

THE morn is past, the noon-tide o'er,
And the declining sun,
Obedient to creative pow'r,
His steady course has run :

Perhaps no more on earth to rise,
At least to shine on me ;
The close of night may close my eyes
To all eternity.

Reflect, my soul, the days and years,
The hours of dark account :
Trifling pursuits, and fruitless cares,
To what do they amount !

If I have err'd, instruct to mourn,
To give each fault a tear :
Hopeless of peace, till my return
Hath found forgiveness there.

Thy mercies still thou dost impart
With ev'ry added day,
Above the rest—oh ! give an heart
Its tribute still to pay.

Oh ! thou, whose favour more I prize
Than all beneath the sky :
Say I am thine, it shall suffice,
And I can smile and die.

Th' angelic host, for ever pure,
My late return shall bless ;
Nor sin nor sorrow ever more
Conspire against my rest.

Those false suggestions, flesh and blood,
Did interpose below,
Shall then be cleared, and understood,
And unmix'd friendship flow.

To thee, high thron'd; above all height,
 Let all our voices raise;
 And the whole human race unite
 In one great hymn of praise.

LOVE humility in all its instances, practise it in all its parts, for it is the noblest state of the soul of man; it will set your heart and affections right towards God, and fill you with every temper that is tender and affectionate towards men.

MODESTY always fits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and display themselves, without any reserve to the view.

HE that thinks he loves God enough, shews himself too much a stranger to that holy sensation; so he that thinks he has humility enough, shews that he is far short of the practice of true humility.

AS in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes off itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age.

But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, there is great danger of manhood's being contemptible, and old age miserable.

AN absolute perfection of understanding is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections.

IF good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
And weeds despoil the space for flow'rs design'd.
The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest;
Bad tends to worse, and better leads to best.
We either gain or loose, we sink or rise,
Nor rests our strugg'ling nature till she dies:
Those very passions that our peace invade,
If rightly pointed, blessings may be made.

GRACEFUL in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

DISSIMULATION in youth is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance, is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks them into contempt.

THINK how God loves all mankind, how merciful he is to them, how tender he is of them, how carefully he preserves them, and then strive to love the world as God loves it.

FAR rather wou'd I in some humble cell,
Distant from all that's gay, for ever dwell,
Than waste my flying hours, and thus divide,
My time 'twixt folly, calumny, and pride;
Still trifling, thus debase the gift of sense,
And live the slave of dull impertinence.

SUBMIT

SUBMIT your minds to early impressions of reverence for sacred things. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies.—Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the best of mankind revere.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd his fold:
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew.
His wisdom, and his honest fame,
Thro' all the country rais'd his name. —
A deep Philosopher, whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools,
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hast thou thro' many cities stray'd?
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Ner have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts:

For

For man is practis'd in disguise;
 He cheats the most discerning eyes:
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 Whence we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd
 Was all from simple nature drain'd;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.—
 The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog, the truest of his kind,
 With gratitude inflames my mind;
 I mark his true and faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray,
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wings protects her care;
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.
 My tongue within my lips I reign;
 For who talks much must talk in vain.
 We from the wordy torrent fly,
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind:
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints for contemplation.
 Thy fame is just, the Sage replies,
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise:
 For he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws:
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

IN order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanor, which springs, not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart.

INDOLENCE unfits a man for the social offices of life. An idle man is a blank in the creation : he seems made for no end, and to live to no purpose.

OF all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy.

BAD as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour.

FEEBLE are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without.

BY whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has past away.

SOME people urge, that if prohibited the topick of scandal, they would have nothing to render them acceptable company, and perhaps be reproached as morose or dull by those who would construe their silence to proceed, not from an abundance of charity, but a defect of wit. But surely he that has nothing of his own growth to set before company, had better make no invitation, than break down his neighbour's inclosures for their entertainment.

THE

THE wise, the just, the pious, and the brave,
Live in their deaths, and flourish from the grave:
Grain hid in earth, repays the peasant's care,
And ev'ning suns but set to rise more fair.

MANKIND are all of the same nature; our bodies are made of the same clay, and our souls by the same hand; the difference between rich and poor comes not from nature or merit, but from the ordination of Providence. Some are born to no other estate than that of their brethren's charity, that they may practise patience; and others to abundance, that they may exercise charity; so that the virtue of these stand indebted to the misery of those, and the giver is no less obliged than the receiver.

THE joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears: they cannot utter the one, nor will they express the other. Children sweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

THE most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition, and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it.

MEN are all brethren, and yet they worry one another: the savage beasts are less cruel than they are to each other. The lions never make war with lions, nor the tygers with tygers, nor do they fall on any creature of their own species. Man alone, in despite of his reason, does that which beasts that are void of it never did.

GOODNESS is a perfection of itself, though it were without any great degree of knowledge or power;—a poor man, and one that is ignorant in comparison of others, may yet be a very good man; but power and knowledge, separated from goodness, are not perfections, but may be applied to the worst and most mischievous purposes.

IT will ever be the wisdom of every person not only to avoid the odious practice of evil-speaking, but to make a resolution to have no concern with those who are given to it.

WITHOUT peace of mind there can be no such thing as happiness; nor can there be any peace of mind where there is a sense of guilt, which is naturally accompanied with apprehensions of danger.

THOUGHTS IN HEALTH.

WHEN sickness shall assail my noblest part,
And rush impetuous on my throbbing heart;
When pain possess'd of every nerve appears,
And nought but paleness my fall'n visage wears;
When ev'ry earthly wish shall fade away,
And death shall chill the stiff'ning corse to clay,
Do thou, great God! in that surprizing hour,
Sustain my soul by thy almighty pow'r:
Let faith, let hope, let extasy of love,
Wing me to reach the blissful scenes above,
And join the choir, where each thy glory sings;
There let me hail—adore thee—King of kings.

A pious WISH on reading the above.

WHEN the pale monarch aims his dreadful dart,
And nature's pow'rs at dissolution start,
When instant bord'ring on the gloomy grave,
Beyond all pow'r of human art to save,
Thus calm, may I resign my fleeting breath,
Put off mortality, and smile in death.
May then the sacred spirit guide my way
Thro' the dark vale to scenes of endless day;
Dispel the clouds, display th' eternal skies,
Bid to my view the heav'nly landscape rise,
And beckon a bright choir of angels down
To waft me safe to my ethereal crown.

TIME

TIME is like a verb, that can only be used in the present tense.

HAPPY is he who, estranged from the tumultuous bustle of the world, enjoys the sweets of a delightful solitude, and whose principal conversation consists of an agreeable intercourse with himself. The testimonies of a good conscience make him view with contempt the follies and vanities of the world. His sole ambition is centered in mental tranquility; he neither fears the inconstancy of fortune, nor the caprices of fate; he contemns riches, and despises the transitory grandeurs of the earth.

His correspondence is with heaven, whither his thoughts incessantly carry him. He has no desires for the things of this world, because he is acquainted with their transitory duration. He sighs for celestial objects, to which all his views are confined. In a word, he waits for death without either designing or fearing it.

LAVISH not your affection on any one unworthy of it; but act with prudence, modesty, and reserve. There, and there only, place your esteem, where religion and virtue actuate the man; for with such a one alone you may reasonably expect to be comfortable and happy.

IT is probable, that the rational soul is infused with the life; and that like fire, buried as it were under too great a quantity of green wood, it cannot exert its power at first,

AVOID all indecent arts in the pursuit of a fortune; all unlawful methods in self-preservation; and every gratification that militates with reason and benevolence.

WELL order'd home, man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle, care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This—be the female dignity and praise.

IT is a wiser part to prepare the soul for adversity, than to be planning and toiling to prevent it.

RELIGION is the best armour, but the worst cloak.

On seeing a YOUNG WOMAN interred.

REASON may sooth, but strives in vain to heal
The pang which sisters, friends, and parents feel,
When thus the fair, the young, their joy, their trust,
Eludes their grasp, and moulders in the dust.
Faith, faith alone, those balsams can supply,
That faith which tells us we shall never die !
Which tells us death his conquests shall restore,
And all the just shall meet to part no more !

BEAUTIES are very apt to forget that all personal charms are of a perishable nature.

LEARN that great maxim to pursue,
To do—as you'd be done unto.

Extract from the HISTORY of the CITY of MARSEILLES.

ABOUT the conclusion of the last century, Nicholas Compian, a native of Marseilles, embarked on board a ship belonging to that port, and bound to Egypt. Unfortunately he was taken, together with the vessel and other passengers, by a Barbary rover, and carried into Tripoli, where he was purchased as a slave by a wealthy inhabitant of that city. Notwithstanding the mildest treatment, Compian could not brook his present situation; every moment of his life was embittered by the recollection of what he had left behind him, perhaps for ever—his country and relations. One day his master, who had tried in vain to comfort him, addressed him in these words: “Pledge me thy word of honour, and promise to return, if I give thee leave to go to Marseilles to visit thy brethren, and settle thy family concerns: may the Almighty guide thy steps, and bring thee back in health!” Compian joyfully accepted of the kind offer; went back into his own country; and in

spite of the allurements of his friends, especially the prayers and tears of a beloved wife and children, he, like another Regulus, returned to the place of his captivity. On his arrival at his master's house, he found him overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow, lamenting over his almost expiring wife, whom he loved tenderly. "Christian, (said the good man, on Compian's first entering the room) thou comest in good time to my aid; thou seest my affliction, heaven hath sent thee back, pray to thy God for my wife, and myself, for he must be moved by the supplications of a righteous man." Compian fell on his knees, and prostrate by the side of the good Mussulman, fervently prayed, like the son of Tobias, on the first night of his wedding. The ardent wishes of those two honest creatures were heard; every day the wife grew better; and when entirely restored to health, the grateful master spoke thus to his slave: "Hear me, Christian, thou hast no longer cause to grieve on my account, nor thine. I wish thou couldst live with me, and take my daughter to thy wife; but both thy religion and mine forbid it. Its laws must be obeyed, though ever so contrary to my inclination. Hear me to the end, and do not interrupt me with thy thanks; I deserve them not yet, and wish it were in my power to merit them. One good I can freely bestow upon thee; it is thy liberty. This is not enough for me: I have ordered a ship to be laden with corn; it belongs to thee. Depart, since it is the will of heaven that thou shouldst leave me. Thou must not return empty-handed to thy countrymen; let them all be my friends, as I am and shall ever remain thine." The fact, as above related, is vouched to by the son of the late M. Compian, who, till his death, kept up a constant intercourse with his worthy friend of Tripoli.—And this man was a Turk! — an Infidel! — Go thou, proud Christian, and do likewise!

STILL fix on heav'n a firm but humble eye;
 That plenteous source can ev'ry want supply.
 Despise the world, but with discretion use,
 The means it gives to aid thy better views.
 Regard the end;—there, shines with purer ray,
 The torch that lights us into perfect day.

BLEAK

BLEAK o'er the plain the winds tremendous blow,
 Of purest white the fleecy shower descends;
 The ice-arrested stream forgets to flow,
 And all its horrors rigorous winter lends.

The prowling wolf his hunger loud proclaims;
 From far is heard the savage panther's cry;
 The bear's loud roaring fills the vast domains;
 To fate their fury numerous victims die.

The keenest hunter dares not take the field,
 To man the forests are impervious grown;
 Save where the Indian bids the climate yield,
 And makes the pathless, dreary wilds, his own.

Now, ye, who fortune's various gifts enjoy,
 Who bask in sunshine of her warmest rays;
 Ye whom, nor tempest, cold, nor want, annoy,
 Whose days glide on in affluence and ease;

Think on the poor, the destitute, forlorn,—
 Extend your bounty to the wretch distress'd;
 Pluck from the tortur'd breast the cank'ring thorn,
 By mis'ry pointed, and by care impress'd.

Let not your heart, by gaiety misled,
 Be render'd callous to the tale of woe;
 But clothe the naked, give the hungry bread,
 Forbid the tears of wretchedness to flow.

For oh! the rigors of the year require
 Some fostering hand, the lingering wretch to save;
 Leave for a while your mirth, your social fire,
 To rescue suffering mortals from the grave.

For know your fortune is the gift of heav'n,
 But not by heav'n for you alone design'd;
 In trust for generous purposes 'twas given,
 And proves a blessing to a generous mind.

Prove yourselves worthy of the sacred trust,
 From dire oppression rescue the oppress'd ;
 Relieve your fellow-creatures, 'tis but just,
 And you in blessing will be ever blest.

Origin of the application of the word **LADY** to every
 Woman of Fortune.

IN antient times it was the fashion for the rich to reside the greatest part of the year at their mansion in the country ; and once a week, or oftener, the mistress distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them the *Loff-day*, in Saxon the *Bread-giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning now nearly as little known, as the practice which gave rise to it. Yet it is from that hospitable custom that the ladies to this day serve their visitors at table.

———— “ Sore pinch'd by wint'ry winds,
 How many sink into the fordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty.” ———

WHAT a helpless creature by himself,
 Is the proud lord of this inferior world,
 Vain feeble man! — The commoners of nature,
 Each wing that flies along the spacious sky,
 Is less dependant than their boasting master.
 Hail, social life ! into thy pleasing bounds
 Again I come, to pay the common stock,
 My share of service, and in glad return,
 To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.

TO feel old age coming on, will so little mortify a wise man, that he can think of it with pleasure ; as the decay of nature shews him that the happy change of state, for which he has been all his life preparing himself, is drawing nearer. And surely it must be desirable to find himself draw nearer to the end, and the reward of his labours. The case of an old man, who has no comfortable prospect for futurity, and finds the fatal hour approaching, which is to deprive him of all his happiness, is too deplorable for any words to represent.

To

To the MEMORY of WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WHOE'ER thou art, with rev'rence tread
 The sacred mansions of the dead.
 Not that the monumental bust,
 Or sumptuous tomb, here guards the dust
 Of rich or great : (let wealth, rank, birth,
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth ;)
 This simple urn records a name,
 That shines with most exalted fame.

Reader ! if genius, taste refin'd,
 A native elegance of mind ;
 If virtue, science, manly sense ;
 If wit that never gave offence ;
 The clearest head, the tend'rest heart,
 In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part ;
 Ah ! smite thy breast, and drop a tear ;
 For, know, thy Shenstone's dust lies here.

EVERY one must expect to meet with rubs in life,—a thousand little incidents may start up to interrupt our felicity ; we should therefore take a peculiar care not to be too much affected by trifles. Endeavour to sooth your mind into an habitual calm, that may prevent your being ruffled by the ordinary cares of life.

THE admonitions of parents must be of the greatest weight with children, if they do but consider that they have lived longer, and had repeated occasions to consider things, and observe events ; have cooler passions as they advance in years, and see things more truly as they are ; and may, on these accounts, ordinarily be presumed more competent judges than themselves ; and lastly, from the relation there is between them, are more sincerely inclined to tell them truth than any other person in the world can be supposed to be. If young people reflect well on these things, they cannot in prudence, or even kindness to themselves, but pay the utmost deference to the advertisements and direction of a parent.

HE who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to alleviate the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and possess with cheerfulness: and as in this conduct there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will, under every calamity, be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state in which “ the spirits of the just shall be made perfect.”

KNOWLEDGE is a comfortable and necessary retreat, and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.

WRETCHED is the triumph of wit, when it is the vehicle of malice.

NOTHING is a stronger instance of the goodness of the Creator than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed on every reasonable creature. This internal sense of duty attended to, and diligently cherished and kept alive, would check the sinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An antient is commended for wishing “ that he had a window in his breast, that every one might see into it:”—but it is certainly of more consequence to keep ourselves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinion of others; we should therefore consider conscience as a mirror, in which every one may see himself reflected, and in which every action is represented in its proper colours.

GREAT is the harvest of virtue which is reaped from the seeds that are sown in the soil of adversity. Providence has wrapt up the prospect of futurity with a veil of impenetrable obscurity; and the greatest quality that mortals can boast of, is resignation. Complaints are only the daughters of ignorance; for he whom wisdom illumines with her rays, can turn the dross of distress into the gold of blessing; can extract sweets from the bitterness of woe, and enjoy consolation in the obscurity of grief.

IN every affair of life, begin with God, consult him in every thing that concerns you; view him as the author of all your blessings, and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion. Meditate on him, with this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you know that you love him most entirely; that you serve him with sincere delight; and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

THEN think not, thou presumptuous man,
The ways of Providence to scan;
Thy just and proper limits know,
Nor search the hidden paths of woe;
Nor of thy ignorance complain,
When knowledge would but heighten pain.
With Nature's gift be thou content,
Nor let thy days be idly spent
In wishes to enlarge the sphere,
Which heav'n hath destin'd for thee here.

AS the sun dispels darkness, so does knowledge clear the understanding from the mists of error and delusion. Let me intreat you to avoid the fetters of ignorance; as the chains which confine the mind is the worst slavery a human creature can experience; yet, unlike most other bonds, they may be broken by the strong efforts of reason.

ON HAPPINESS.

WHAT is the fleeting thing I've sought in vain,
Source of my hope, yet author of my pain?
I from my infant years have still pursued
Some untried bliss some unaccomplish'd good,
But from my grasp the phantom ever flies
Like blasted fruit that in the blossom dies;
Eludes my wish, yet still enchants my mind,
And bids me seek some future joy to find;
The object varies, the desires the same,
And only differs in a different name.
Say, oh, ye wise (if human wit can tell)
Where, and in what, this happiness doth dwell,

It

Is it in wealth? oh no, beyond dispute
 Meer wealth, of all things in the poor pursuit,
 Yields the least pleasure, and the meanest fruit. }

Is it in pow'r? take Solomon and read
 What thousand thorns surround the royal bed,
 Is it in fame? that fleeting airy breath
 For which the soldier rushes into death;
 Let Julius Cæsar's fate inform us then,
 Cæsar so fam'd amongst the sons of men:
 Some who have penn'd his character relate,
 All human virtues join'd to make him great;
 Others take equal pains to let us know
 He was a traitor and his country's foe.

Is it in wit, that sparkling gift of heav'n,
 The best or worst of all its bounties giv'n?
 Ask the philosopher and poet too,
 In times of deep distress what this can do;
 Their answer is, This charming talent's vain
 And serves to give a quicker sense to pain.
 Is it in mortal love? too well I know
 How hazardous the bliss, how great the woe
 ——— If we're deceiv'd. ———

Is it in friendship's bright ethereal flame?
 Sure this if any thing deserves the name
 ——— Of happiness. ———

See e'en this brilliant passion, even in this
 The great uncertainty destroys the bliss;
 For tho' our friends should just and faithful prove,
 And we're lov'd, by those whom most we love,
 The dread of losing what we held most dear,
 Allays our joy with a corroding fear.
 Say then my soul!—thou busy flutt'ring guest!
 Where can'st thou go in search of peace and rest?
 Fly to thy native residence above,
 And seek thy bliss in pure seraphic love;
 Bow thy whole self before thy Maker's feet,
 And thus in humble strains thy wants relate:
 Omniscient God, who canst alone survey
 My inmost soul, thus wrapt in mould'ring clay,

Thou

Thou whose almighty fiat gave me breath !
And thou who hast redeem'd my soul from death !

———Regard my prayer.———

Wretched, oh ! very wretched have I been,
Pursued by misery, and clogg'd with sin ;
My restless mind no happiness hath known,
Because I sought it not in thee alone.
Mortal attractions, drew me from my God,
'Till thou didst send thy kind chastizing rod,
To purge from sin and pride my erring mind,
And gave me light to see I had been blind.
Confirm thy mercy—gifts of grace dispense,
And let me truly know thy excellence !
Then shall I find what yet in vain I've sought,
And to unfading happiness be brought.

A SMALL degree of knowledge of the spirit of Christianity, seems to be enough to convince us, that no education can be of true advantage to young women, but that which trains them up in humble industry, in great plainness of life, in exact modesty of dress, manners, and carriage, and in strict devotion.

For what should a Christian woman be, but a plain, unaffected, modest, humble creature ?

HE that lives close, lives quiet. He needs fear nobody, of whom nobody is afraid. He that stands below upon the firm ground needs not fear falling.

OH ignorance ! thou chaos of the mind !
Th' eclipse of reason, to improvement blind ;
Thou, like the owl, dost shun the glorious light,
Enwrapp'd in darkness, and the shades of night ;
All-pow'rful wisdom does dispel the gloom,
Makes thee expire, and rest within thy tomb ;
Erects a trophy o'er thy mould'ring dust,
Of highest polish, cleans'd from foulest rust.

CHRISTOPHER

CHRISTOPHER HATTON, a little before his death, advised his relations to be serious in the search after 'The will of God in the holy word: for, said he, it is deservedly accounted a piece of excellent knowledge to understand the law of the land, and the customs of a man's country; how much more so to know the statutes of heaven, and the laws of eternity, those immutable and eternal laws of justice and righteousness: to know the will and pleasure of the great Monarch, and universal King of the world.'" I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandments, O God, are exceeding broad."—Whatever other knowledge a man may be endued with, could he by a vast and penetrating mind, and an heart as large as the sand upon the sea-shore, command all the knowledge of art and nature, of words and things; could he attain a mystery in all languages, and sound the depth of all arts and sciences; could he discourse of the interests of all states, the intrigues of all courts, the reason of all civil laws and constitutions, and give an account of all histories; and yet not know the author of his being, and the preserver of his life, his sovereign and his judge, his surest refuge in trouble, his best friend, the support of his life, and the hope of his death, his future happiness, and his portion for ever; he doth but, with a great deal of wisdom, go down to destruction.'

CONTENT and tranquility are sister virtues. How can the moments of life roll on in tranquil ease without content?

OUR friends are diminished by time, they often desert us to follow fortune, and sometimes renounce us through desires which we could not gratify, or through mistakes which we could not foresee. But from his own blood no man should be severed; and yet to the shame of human kind be it spoken, we see the bonds of nature are not strong enough to tie the ambitious and self-interested.

ALL good things proceed from God, his power is unbounded, his wisdom is from eternity, and his goodness endureth for ever.

SMALL

SMALL is the province of a wife
 And narrow is the sphere in life,
 Within that sphere to move aright
 Should be her principal delight.

IT is remarkable that men, when they differ in any thing considerable, or which they think considerable, will be apt to differ in almost every thing else; their differences beget contradiction—contradiction begets heat, heat quickly rises into resentment, rage, and ill-will. Thus they differ in affections as they differ in judgment, and the contention which began in pride, ends in anger.

SINGULARITY is laudable when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider that it is not custom, but duty which is the rule of action, and that we should be only so far sociable, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to, and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this sort is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his life in opposition to his own sentiments; or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

MAN being made a reasonable, and so a thinking creature, there is nothing more worthy of his being, than the right direction and employment of his thoughts; since upon this depends both his usefulness to the public, and his own present and future benefit in all respects.

THE violence of sorrow is not at the first to be resisted; it being, like a mighty beast, sooner tamed by following, than overthrown by withstanding.

IT is the interest of every man who wishes to be happy himself, to endeavour to make others so.

RELIGION

RELIGION ought to give the mind a greatness and equality in prosperous or unhappy events; but there are some instances wherein reason and philosophy seem but empty names when we come to try their force.

THE principle of virtue and excellency lies in a power of denying ourselves the satisfaction of our own desires, where reason and religion does not authorise them.

NO preacher is listened to but time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

REFLECTIONS ON PROVERBS, Chap. xix. ver. 11.

“ It is the glory of a Man to pass by a Transgression.”

THUS Wisdom speaks aloud, and yet
Pride hardly will resign;
Though to forgive, and to forget,
Is God-like—is divine.

When injur'd, I can scarce tell how
To pass the inj'ry by;
My angry spirit will not bow,
Nor let resentment die.

The heaving billows swell within,
Till all is tempest grown;
And thus I share another's sin,
And make his guilt my own.

But come, my proud, my selfish heart,
One serious thought bestow;
Do I thus act the Christian part?
Has Jesus acted so?

Just the reverse: his generous breast
Did kind compassion move;
When sinners curs'd, the Saviour blest,
And inj'ries paid with love.

Although

Although by wicked hands he dy'd,
With the last breath he drew,
" Father forgive," he sweetly cry'd :
Himself forgave them too.

Jesus! I hide my head in shame ;
I blush, and weep to see,
That I who wear thy sacred name,
No more conform to thee.

O the sharp pangs he underwent
To clear my guilty score !
And shall I trifling wrongs resent ?
No, I'll resent no more.

I'll seize th' offending brother's hand,
And call him still my friend ;
My angry passions I'll disband,
And every quarrel end.

Why should we differ by the way ?
Why should dissensions come ?
We hope to spend an endless day,
In one eternal home.

Malice and rage be banish'd far ;
Revenge, farewell to you ;
I'm a delinquent at that bar
Where he stands guilty too.

I must have mercy, or I die,
And sink in black despair ;
I must forgive affronts, or I
Can hope no mercy there.

While others, their punctilios boast ;
Lord ! bend my stubborn will ;
For he that condescends the most,
Remains the victor still

Fain would I imitate my Lord,
 And bear each cross event ;
 Humility's its own reward ;
 But pride's a punishment.

Come, blessed Spirit, heavenly dove,
 Descend on balmy wings !
 Come tune my passions all to love,
 And strike the peaceful strings.

Jesus, my longing soul shall wait,
 And near thy feet adore ;
 'Till I shall reach that blissful state,
 Where discord is no more.

WHEN we desire any thing, our minds generally run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it : when it is obtained, our minds run only on the bad ones.

GIVE not an ear to the pleasures of this life, they only pall the taste, and render the heart unfit for its duty. Seek industry for thy pleasure, and virtue for thy greatest comfort ; reward the diligent, comfort the distressed, and assist the needy.

THERE may be some pleasure in flying society ; but there is sometimes a very severe mortification in seeing society fly from us.

A DESIRE of grandeur and magnificence is often absurd in those who can support it, but when it takes hold of those who can scarce furnish themselves with necessaries, their poverty, instead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule.

PEOPLE are very apt to compare their present situation with the best that is past, or with a better of other peoples ; whereas quite the contrary would be more politic and generally more reasonable.

HAPPY the man who far from public view,
 Lives to himself and to the faithful few,
 Shuns the vain walks of bustle and parade
 And tunes his spirit in the silent shade :
 The native wood, the solitary scene,
 The low roof'd cottage, and the vernal green,
 The flocks, the herds, the hill, the rill, the grove,
 Tempt not his heart in devious paths to rove ;
 To sigh for fame, to heed the proud man's way,
 To court the rich, and be as poor as they :
 But free to guide the plough, or reap the plain,
 To house the harvest, or to thresh the grain ;
 In one calm tenor life serenely flows
 Few are his wants, his wishes and his woes ;
 As tranquil streams his steady moments run,
 And humble nature charms her patient son.

IF by accident a man falls into a rapid river, he endeavours with all his might to save himself; catches at twigs, rushes, loose stones, or the slippery bank; whilst the stream still carries him down, till at length he grasps the firm root of an oak, and by means thereof clammers up the bank and gets safe on shore. Virtue is this oak. When the floods of sorrow and affliction would swallow us up, all our worldly possessions, all our sensual delights, are no better than weak twigs, loose stones, or the slippery banks that baulk our holds, and fail the gripe.

OH! VANITY, how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned; how dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises; sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity, nay, thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic-virtue. Thou odious deformed monster, whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed, is there a wretch so abandoned as to shun thee for an acquaintance in publick, yet how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private; nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their whole lives.

MEEKNESS and resignation are the two principal duties of a Christian.

THERE is nothing solid, firm, or durable, but virtue.

OF all our vanities, none is more ridiculous than that which arises from dress. The merit which results from it does not differ much from that of a gilded statue.

IT is generally owned there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel, in the case of invincible ignorance; but none for a vicious believer.

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable. There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance or supply its place; for this reason, mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding; for if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicking of good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper, reduced into an art. Good-nature is born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itself: 'tis one of the blessings of a happy constitution which education may improve, but not produce.

THE mere liberality of the hand does not absolutely denote the generosity of the mind. True generosity does not depend so much upon the gift, as upon the feelings of the giver. Wealth and generosity are by no means incompatible, but a man may have a large store of the former in his possession, without a grain of the latter in his composition: by being liberal we may acquire fame; by being generous we deserve it.

'TIS

'TIS an old maxim in the schools
That vanity's the food of fools :
Yet now and then your men of wit,
Will condescend to take a bit.

IN discouraging hope we throw away one of the greatest blessings bestowed on men ; that blessing which adds enjoyment to the present good, and administers consolation under the most oppressive misfortunes.

OH ! how glorious is the old age of that great man who has spent his time in such contemplations as has made this being what only it should be, an education for heaven.

Extract from a POEM called INDEPENDANCE.

ALMIGHTY cause that rul'st this earth below,
From whose behests eternal blessings flow,
O ! hear and answer (thus the poet pray'd)
A creeping thing thy Providence has made.
O ! grant me bliss, but not the bliss that springs
From wealth, or fame, or sublunary things,
That mock the search, and cheat the human mind,
To choose the thorn and leave the rose behind ;
But grant me freedom,—freedom to provide
Against all vice, all passion, and all pride ;
A liberal heart, with pure devotion warm,
A mind to rise superior to the storm ;
By thy good statutes be my conduct taught,
Correct my will, and regulate my thought ;
In death support me, and in judgment save ;
Give peace on earth, and bliss beyond the grave.

VIRTUE is the universal charm. Even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art ; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all, who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity.

In the CHURCH-YARD of BROMLEY in KENT, written
By J. HAWKSWORTH.

Near this place lies the body of
Elizabeth Monk,
Who departed this life on the 17th of August, 1753,
Aged 101.
She was the widow of John Monk, late of this parish,
Blacksmith,
Her second husband
To whom she had been a wife near fifty years,
By him she had no children :
And of the issue of her first marriage none lived to the second.
But virtue would not suffer her to be childless ;
An infant, to whom, and to whose father and uncles,
She had been nurse,
(Such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity !)
Became dependant upon strangers for the necessaries of life ;
To him she afforded the protection of a mother.
This parental charity was returned with filial affection,
And she was supported in the feebleness of age
By him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy.
Let it be remembered,
That there is no station in which industry will not obtain
Power to be
Liberal.
Nor any character on which liberality will not confer
Honour.
She had been long prepared
By a simple and unaffected piety,
For that awful moment which, however delayed, is
universally sure.
How few are allowed an equal time of probation !
How many by their lives appear to presume upon more !
To preserve the memory of this person,
But yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life,
This stone was erected by voluntary contribution.

BE still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
 Distrust embitters every joy :
 On God for all events depend ;
 Thou can'st not want when God's thy friend.
 Weigh well thy part, and do thy best,
 Leave to Omnipotence the rest.
 Can the fond mother slight her boy,
 Can she forget her prattling joy ?
 Say then, shall sov'reign love desert
 The humble and the honest heart ;
 And though he grant not all thy mind ;
 Yet say not thou that heav'n's unkind.
 God is alike both good and wise,
 In what he grants and what denies :
 Perhaps what goodness gives to-day
 To-morrow goodness takes away.
 Thou'lt say that troubles intervene
 That sorrows darken half the scene.
 True,—and this consequence may'st see
 The world was ne'er design'd for thee ;
 Thou'rt like a passenger below
 That stays perhaps a night or so,
 But still his native country lies
 Beyond th' boundaries of the skies.
 Of heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
 But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
 If food be thine (tho' little gold)
 And raiment to repel the cold,
 Such as may nature's wants suffice,
 Not what from pride and folly rise,
 If soft the motions of thy soul
 And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
 Add but a friend to all this store,
 Canst thou in reason wish for more ?
 And if kind heav'n this comfort brings
 'Tis more than heav'n bestows on kings.

TO be called a Christian is a noble appellation. How
 few are there in this world who live up to the dignity of
 such a title ?

From

FROM POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

TRUE wit is nature to advantage dress,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express:
 Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 Which gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
 For works may have more wit than does them good,
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
 Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath are rarely found.
 A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ;
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none. }
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable.
 Distrustful sense, with modest caution speaks }
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes,
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks. }

EXCESSIVE complaisance is more frequently the mark of pride than affability.

IN what rank so ever virtue is placed, it merits the same consideration, and the same homage,

WHAT a dreadful state is a transition, without recollection from libertinism and impiety, to the supreme tribunal of the incorruptible Judge of the whole universe!

BENEFICENT Providence ordained riches for our service, and not to be abused in such sordid, such despicable practices, as neither profit ourselves nor the community.

TIME and opportunity are the most uncertain of all things; and yet there is nothing we more confidently depend upon.

TRUTH

TRUTH is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity : a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature. Her essence is with God, her dwelling with his servants, her will in his wisdom, and her work in his glory.

BEFORE we fix our minds on the possession of any future enjoyment, we should be particularly careful to examine whether our hope is well grounded, lest our disappointment yield more pain, than the object in view could bestow pleasure, if we had our desire.

PRIDE, says an excellent writer, was not made for man, as he is an imperfect, as he is a sinful, as he is a miserable being ; yet there is not a vice whereof the human breast is more susceptible, nor one whose influence is more extensive over the species.

VERSES sent to a YOUNG WOMAN with a Present of a
SPINNING WHEEL.

BETSY ! with the Wheel I send,
Take the hint, 'twas form'd to lend,
Emblem this of life is found,
While you turn it round and round.
All the years that roll away
Are but circles of a day ;
Still the same, and still renew'd,
While some distant good's pursued ;
Distant, for we're never blest,
'Till the lab'ring wheel's at rest ;
Then the various thread is spun ;
Then the toil of life is done.
Happy if the running twine
Found a smooth and even line ;
Not a foul and tangled clue,
Not untimely snapt in two.
Then the full reward is sure,
Rest that ever shall endure ;
Rest to happiness refin'd,
Worthy an immortal mind !

RELIGION,

RÉLIGION, added to the light of nature, and the experience of mankind, has concurred in establishing it as an unquestionable truth, that the irregular or intemperate indulgence of the passions, is always attended with pain in some mode or other, which greatly exceeds its pleasure.

HE whose wishes, respecting the possessions of this world, are the most reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the safest, and, for that reason, the most desirable life. By aspiring too high, we frequently miss the happiness, which, by a less ambitious aim, we might have gained. High happiness on earth, is rather a picture which the imagination forms, than a reality which man is allowed to possess.

THE idea which Christianity has suggested of the relation in which all men stand to each other, is wonderfully adapted to promote universal hospitality. When we consider all men as brothers, we shall naturally receive the stranger within our gates with cordial kindness, as a relation whom we have never yet seen before, and to whom we wish to display some signal of our love.

“ SURELY goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.” What a purified, sentimental enjoyment of prosperity is here exhibited! How different from that gross relish of worldly pleasures, which belongeth to those who behold only the terrestrial side of things; who raise their views to no higher objects than the succession of human contingencies, and the weak efforts of human ability; who have no protector or patron in the heavens, to enliven their prosperity, or to warm their hearts with gratitude and trust.

HOW miserable is vice, when one guilty passion creates so much torment! How unavailing is prosperity, when, in the height of it a single disappointment can destroy the relish of all its pleasures! How weak is human nature, which, in the absence of real, is so prone to form to itself imaginary woes!

HABITUAL

HABITUAL acts of kindness have a powerful effect in softening the heart.

THANKFUL that a heavenly conductor vouchsafes his aid, let us earnestly pray, that from him may descend divine light to guide our steps, and divine strength to fortify our minds. Let us pray, that his grace may keep us from all intemperate passions, and mistaken pursuits of pleasure, that whether it shall be his will to give or to deny us earthly prosperity, he may bless us with a calm, a sound and well regulated mind; may give us moderation in success, and fortitude under disappointment; and may enable us so to take warning from the crimes and miseries of others, as to escape the snares of guilt.

The Frame and Temper of Mind of a true CHRISTIAN.

1 Theff. Chap. v. Ver. 16, 17, 18.

REJOICE evermore.

Pray without ceasing.

In every thing give thanks.

Which expressions in their full force imply a disposition always cheerful, grateful, and resigned, having a continual sense of the mercies which we enjoy—our dependance upon God, and his unmerited favours; a disposition always rejoicing at the prosperity of its fellow-creatures, possessing that universal charity which is the life and essence of religion; looking up to the Supreme Being in every step of our conduct, having God at all times in our thoughts, words, and actions, resolving to do nothing but what is agreeable to his will, to fear nothing beyond or besides his displeasure: when we lie down, recommending ourselves to his care, when we rise up, imploring his protection (besides which there is nothing that we can pray for as we ought) in the beautiful expressions of the royal psalmist, “remembering God in our bed, and thinking on him when we are waking.” In a word, it is that frame and temper of mind, which is always supplicant, humble, grateful, and resigned,
reposing

reposing our whole trust and confidence in the wisdom, justice, and mercy, of the divine Providence, whatever we do, doing all to the praise and glory of God.

GIVE not an ear to the pleasures of this life; they only pall the taste, and render the heart unfit for duty. Seek industry for thy pleasure, and virtue for thy greatest comfort; reward the diligent, comfort the distressed, and assist the needy.

THERE may be some pleasure in flying society, but there is sometimes a very severe mortification in seeing society fly from us.

A DESIRE of grandeur and magnificence is often absurd in those who can support it, but when it takes hold of those who can scarce furnish themselves with necessaries, their poverty instead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule.

SENSIBILITY is the cause either of the greatest happiness or misery attending the female sex; but too frequently it leads to the latter; yet if virtue is their guide, it gives them gleams of the former, by a hopeful assurance of eternal felicity.

DISHONEST minds, just like the jaundic'd sight,
See honest deeds in a dishonest light;
Thro' clouds of guilt, the innocent they view,
And stain each virtue with some vicious hue.
The just and good look with a different eye;
By generous hearts they generous actions try:
Govern'd by honour, honour they revere,
And think each virtue like their own sincere.

IF thou desirest not to be poor, desire not to be rich; he is rich, not that possesseth much, but that covets no more. The contented mind wants nothing that it hath not; whereas the covetous wants not only that which it hath not, but what it hath also.

AFFLICTIONS

AFFLICTIONS are hard meat, but patience is a good digester.

BE not attached to any preconceived notions, however positive you may have been hitherto of their truth, as to be backward to part with them on better evidence, even though the discovery of your errors should deprive you of some pleasing delusion, and oblige you to the practice of something naturally ungrateful.

CHRIST was born in an inn, which may teach man to make the world but a thoroughfare, where if he takes his rest, yet he must not set up his rest.

O! COME, sweet Hope, and lull my soul to rest,
For ever dwell within my tranquil breast:
Teach me to limit all my fond desires,
And only wish what nature still requires.
Without thy aid my down-cast longing soul,
Would hardly reach in thought the distant goal;
By thee inflam'd it mounts the lofty skies,
And flies impatient of th' immortal prize.

Part of a HYMN to the DEITY.

BUT should adversity, with frown severe
Dash the bright cup of pleasure from my hand,
Whilst every summer friend, with eager haste,
Flies from her wintry blast—when left alone,
Unpitied, and neglected,—when the bloom
Of youth shall fade, and age, with trembling steps,
Shall spread his hoary honours o'er my head,
And every day a gloomier scene unfold;
Oh! then, be thou my guardian and my friend,
Nor let me sink beneath the weighty stroke,
(For wisest purpose, though unknown to me)
But say, with heart resign'd, “Thy will be done.”

IF our desires increase with our riches, is not a man by so much the more miserable, the more he possesses?

IN prosperity and in adversity, religion is the safest guide of human life. Conducted by its light, we reap the pleasures, and at the same time escape the dangers, of a prosperous state. Sheltered under its protection, we stand the shock of adversity with most intrepidity, and suffer least from the violence of the storm.

A SENTIMENTAL THOUGHT by a SAILOR.

STILL tost tempestuous on the sea of life,
 My little bark is driving to and fro,
 With winds and waves I hold unequal strife,
 Nor can decide the doubtful course I go.
 Contending passions are the storms that rise,
 And error's darkness clouds the mental ray,
 The lamp of reason seldom gilds the skies,
 With lustre equal to direct my way.
 But there's an hour when all these storms shall cease,
 The darkness fly, and rising scenes appear,
 My bark be shelter'd in the port of peace,
 And ride eternal at an anchor there.

IT is folly in youth to place too strong a reliance on long life; it is weakness in age to be over solicitous about it. In the former case, the expectation is indulged with uncertainty; in the latter, the desire is attended by anxiety, because the chances of probability are intirely against it. All that we are sure of in this life is, that we must quit it, we know not when; and all that it most behoves us to do, is to be prepared for that call, to which wisdom and virtue constantly admonish us. It little matters how long we live in this world, but it greatly does in what manner we live in it.

THE brightest scenes of worldly prosperity and grandeur are contemptible, when they do not accord with virtue and piety. Death in a few years, blends the prince and the meanest subject, the conqueror and the slave, the statesman, the warrior, and the most insignificant, in one promiscuous ruin; and the schemes, the competitions, and the interests,

interests, which have engaged the chief attention of the world, are brought to nothing, and appear, too often, ridiculous: but righteousness is unchangeably glorious, and in the universal ruin receives no detriment: when all human power and policy will be extinct, concealed piety, and persecuted virtue will again appear, and be owned as his by the Lord of Hosts in that day when he maketh up his jewels. I will love thee, therefore, O Lord, my strength; yea, I will love thee: and it ever shall be my heart's desire, that my soul may behold by faith in itself, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, able and ready to change it into the same image from glory to glory, reflected upon, and conveyed to it by the Spirit of the Lord. May my portion here be this blessed transforming union, that I may be made partaker of the divine nature, by impressions from it. I shall then have all I wish, and all I want. With a settled indifference I shall then look upon the highest advantages of this world. I shall have nothing to hope or to fear. The will of God will be to me unmixed felicity.

TOO rarely seen is that gratitude which looks backward, and generously subsists on favours past, without fresh claims and aliment; how much more common is that which must be kept up by daily benefits, and when bereft of such food, expires?

THERE are many creatures in the creation of whose nature and usefulness we are ignorant, which might possibly be made for the sake of contemplation to carry us forth into admiration of the great Creator.

CHARITY and fine-dressing are things very different, but if men give alms for the same reasons that others dress fine, only to be seen and admired, charity is then but like the vanity of fine cloaths.

HE that believes that every thing happens to him for the best, cannot possibly complain for want of something that is better.

WHAT embitters the common accidents of life to most people is their entertaining a foolish notion, that calamities are unnatural, and that we have a right to the pleasures of life; whereas the true state of the case is, that affliction is what we greatly need, and rightly deserve, and that the pleasures of life are the mere gift of God, which therefore he may withhold or bestow as he sees fit.

ON AUTUMN.

HOW barren now the trees appear!
Lo! winter comes apace;
With rapid flight the circling year
Departs with eager haste.

The flow'rs, with odorif'rous sweets,
No more perfume the air;
But every scene our prospect meets,
Display'd in wild despair.

Thus will your lovely form decay;
Your blooming beauties fade;
Those transient charms shall die away,
And age will be display'd.

Then gain the charm that ne'er will fade,
That never droops and dies:
At death's approach be not dismay'd,
For you again shall rise.

The frowns of fortune ne'er regard,
But trust almighty love;
Virtue shall meet her sure reward
In realms of bliss above.

JOHN, LORD HARRINGTON, was the eldest son of that Lord Harrington to whom King James the First committed the education of his eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth. He had excellent natural endowments, and had acquired a considerable stock of useful learning; but was mostly

mostlly eminent for his knowledge in the work of his salvation. He manifested a principle of true life in his heart, by his love to all who were truly godly. And such were his bowels of compassion, that he gave the tenth part of his yearly income to charitable uses. At the beginning of his last sickness, he strongly apprehended that death would be the end of it, and accordingly prepared for the grave. He declared his faith in, and undoubted hope of salvation by Christ; and said, with much cheerfulness, " That he feared not death in what shape soever it might assail him." In the midst of many heavenly things, which dropped from time to time from his mouth, he desired to be dissolved, and to be at home with the Lord, declaring, not above two hours before his death, " That he still felt the comfort and joys of assured salvation, by Christ Jesus." And when the hour of his departure was come, he said, " O, that joy!—O, my God! when shall I be with thee?" And with the like words, expressive of a tender heavenly frame of mind, he peacefully expired.

The STORY OF PYRRHIAS.

A MERCHANT of Ithaca being at sea espied an ancient man, a captive, in a pirate's ship; he took compassion on him, and redeemed him; and bought his commodities, which the pirates had taken from him, which were certain barrels of pitch. The old man perceiving, that not for any good service he could do him, nor for the gain of that commodity, but merely out of pity and charity he had done this, discovered a great mass of treasure hidden in the pitch, whereby the merchant in a very short time became very rich. " He that soweth liberally, shall reap liberally; the liberal soul shall be made fat; the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things he shall stand."

NEVER indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

ON CONTENTMENT.

WHEN I survey the world around,
 And see what objects may be found,
 Afflicted and distressed;
 Some on the confines of the dead,
 And others wanting daily bread,
 Nay ev'n a place of rest.

When I have these before my sight,
 My troubles seem so small and light,
 They scarce deserve the name :
 Alike my heart and tongue declare
 How good my great Creator's care,
 I suffer not the same.

Suppose that God should grant me more,
 My heart may not so often soar,
 And taste the joys above ;
 The world and things of time and sense
 May draw my heart and thoughts from thence,
 And hurt me with their love.

Then I'll no more with grief repine,
 And say how hard this lot of mine,
 But will with patience wait,
 And cheerfully embrace the load
 Assigned me by my Maker God !
 Till he shall change my state.

WE want as much moderation not to be corrupted with
 our good fortune, as patience not to be dejected with
 bad.

TO suppose a man so truly humble, though he may live
 all the appearances of pride and vanity, is as absurd, as
 suppose a man so inwardly sober, that he need refuse
 strong liquors; so inwardly charitable, that he need not avoid
 quarrels; or so holy, that he need not resist temptation
 to sin.

Extracts from CHARITY—a POETICAL ESSAY.

—— O! THERE are ——

Who sigh unheard, unseen, who drop the tear
Of anguish; sore by every ill oppress'd
That flesh is heir to, famine, cold, disease,
And infamy, that dagger to the heart,
Deadlier than all the rest, who yet deny
Their tongue to tell the sorrows of their soul.

BUT why await entreaty? ye ordain'd
The stewards of the poor! to whom is giv'n
The means of blessing, — fly, unasked, to bless!
Unask'd go forth! go penetrate the shade
That wraps the modest mourner from the world!
Pierce the dark dungeon's horrors, and unbind
The cruel chain that galls the debtor's soul.

THUS to employ the pow'rs by heav'n bestow'd,
Thus to explore the hidden paths of woe,
And rescue from the hovering vulture's fangs
The weak, the wounded—tell me, ye who've tried
These walks, and those of pleasure, which pursued,
Conduct the mind to most unmingled bliss!
Tell me, if ever in the giddy round
Of gaiety, ye find one scene that stamps
Such satisfaction on the soul, as that
By deeds of mild humanity diffus'd!
And tell me,—truly tell me, if such deeds
Doing, or done, did ever fail to charm!

“ BLESSED are ye, when men shall revile you, and
“ persecute you, and say all manner of evil of you falsely
“ for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is
“ your reward in heaven.” Christ does not endeavour to
comfort us in this state, as if it was a hard or melancholy
state, which we must bear, because it is made easier with
patience, or because God has pleased to impose it upon us;
but he looks at it in quite another view, not as needing
comfort, but as having matter fit for congratulation.—
What

What Christians are they therefore, what strangers to the Spirit of Christ, who reckon those things amongst the hardships of religion, which Christ recommends to us as reasons of rejoicing, and being exceeding glad?

VIRTUE and Vice in one sole point agree;
Each would be glad alike themselves might be.

IT should be an indispensable rule in life to contract our desires to our present condition; and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess.

THE Mahometans, who affect, after the antient manner of the eastern writers, to express their moral doctrine in a kind of proverbial chain of parallels, say, there are five things which a wise man will ground no hopes on: the colour of a cloud, because imaginary; the friendship of the covetous, because mercenary; beauty, because frail; praise, because airy; and the pleasures of this world, because deceitful.

THAT the most permanent pleasure we can enjoy in this life, consists in content, is undoubtedly true: he who with little, is content with that little, should be considered as the only happy man. There is no happiness in this world but what the philosophic mind enjoys in its own contemplation; and no studies or reflection is so likely to confer happiness, even in this world, as that of the Divine Being. He who would be happy here, should aim at being happy hereafter; he should meditate on those great and sublime truths which religion teaches; he should contemplate that glorious immortality which the good wish to enjoy, but the wicked fear to believe.

THE divine perfections shine through all nature, and the goodness and bounty of the Creator to all his creatures, impress the obligation of imitating this wisest and best of Beings upon every man's heart and conscience.

THE

THE swelling dome of courtly magnificence undergoes many a storm, which the humility of the villager's situation keeps from breaking on his little shed.

ON SIMPLICITY.

HAIL, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of nature array'd;
Let the rich and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

No charm in thy modest allurements they find,
The pleasures they follow, a sting leave behind;
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast
Like virtue, with peace and serenity blest?

O! would you Simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us with delight at her altar you'd bend;
The pleasures she yields wou'd with joy be embrac'd,
You'd practise from virtue, and love them from taste.

The linnet enchants us the bushes among,
Tho' cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song;
We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
And with extacy hang on the ravishing notes.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
And our food, nor disease, nor satiety brings;
Our mornings are cheerful, our labours are blest,
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.

From our culture yon garden its ornament finds,
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds;
To live to some purpose we constantly try,
And we mark by our actions, the days as they fly.

Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields:
How useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health!

SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, with all its inconveniencies, is to be cherished by those who understand and wish to maintain the dignity of their nature. To feel for others, disposes us to exercise the amiable virtue of charity, which our religion indispensably requires. It constitutes the enlarged benevolence which philosophy inculcates, and which is indeed comprehended in Christian charity. It is the privilege and the ornament of man; and the pain which it causes is abundantly recompensed by that sweet sensation which ever accompanies the exercise of beneficence.

TO feel our own misery with full force is not to be deprecated. Affliction softens and improves the heart. Tears, to speak in the style of figure, fertilize the soil in which the virtues grow. And it is the remark of one who understood human nature, that the faculties of the mind, as well as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated by adversity.

VERSES by WILLIAM MASON,

In memory of his Wife who died at the Hot-Wells, 1767.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
 Take that best gift which heav'n so lately gave:
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
 Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died.—Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
 Does sympathetick fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
 Ev'n from the grave, thou shalt have pow'r to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
 And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
 Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,
 ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

THERE

THERE is no greater instance of good sense and sound judgment, than to be capable of receiving advice.

HOW beautiful's the setting sun!
 Its daily course now almost run,
 We can behold its charms;
 More pleasing are its fainter rays,
 Than when in full meridian blaze
 It dazzles whilst it warms.

CUSTOM and example create wants for the wealthy which the poor are ignorant of.

BEAUTIFUL women, says Bacon, are seldom possessed of any great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue.

The CHARACTER of an AMIABLE WOMAN.

THAT which pleases in her, is her silence, her modesty, her love of retirement, her assiduous labour, her industry; her application to manage all her father's house ever since her mother's death; her contempt of vain dresses and ornaments; the forgetfulness or ignorance which appears in her of her beauty. She is mild, simple-hearted, discreet; her hands despise not labour; she foresees from afar; she provides for every thing; she acts consequentially, sweetly, and without violence; she is always employed; she is never in disorder, or at all embarrassed, because she doth every thing properly, and seasonably; the good order of her house is her glory; she is with it more adorned, than with her beauty; though she have the care of all, and though it be her place to correct, to refuse, and to spare, (three things which make all women so to be hated) yet is she hereby rendered rather the more amiable to all the family, which is, because there is not found in her either passion, or opinionativeness, or levity, or humoursomness, as in other women; with a look only she makes herself to be understood, and they are afraid of displeasing her; she gives exact orders; she commands nothing but what can be executed; she

she reproveth with kindness, and in reproveth also at the same time encourages. She is a treasure worthy to be sought for in the remotest ends of the earth; her mind, no more than her body, is ever set off with vain ornaments; her imagination, though lively, is bridled by her discretion; she speaks not, but from necessity; and if she open her mouth, the most sweet persuasions, and native graces, distil from her lips: so soon as ever she speaks, every one is presently silent, and she blushes at it; she is hardly prevailed with not to suppress what she had a mind to utter, when she perceives they hear her so attentively. And to crown all, the love and fear of God is the source from whence all these virtues flow.

IF the principles of the Christian Religion were well rooted in the hearts of all mankind, what excellent fruit would they produce!—There would be no more wars, nor rumours of wars. Kingdom would not rise against kingdom, nor nation against nation; but all princes would be at peace with their neighbours, and their subjects at unity amongst themselves, striving about nothing but which should serve God best, and do most good in the world.

NOTHING spoils human nature more than false zeal. The good-nature of a heathen is more god-like than the furious zeal of a Christian.

REPUTATION is a very tender blossom, which the least breath of foul detraction will sometimes blast.

A WISE and good man will turn examples of all sorts to his own advantage. The good he will make his patterns, and strive to equal or excel them; the bad he will by all means avoid.

WEAK understandings may be content to appear happy, but good ones endeavour to be really so.

AN industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great estate.

HOW

HOW inconsiderable is vice on its first appearance in the human mind, and how easily suppressed; how subtle, and how rapid in its progress, and how insurmountable in its excess?—A spark,—a fire,—a conflagration.—Yet how little pains do those who have the care of us in early life; or we, when we have the guidance of ourselves, exert to prevent, or to smother it.

A LETTER from JAMES EARL of MARLBOROUGH, a little before his Death, in the Battle at Sea, on the Coast of Holland, &c.

“I believe the goodness of your nature, and the friendship you have always borne me, will receive with kindness the last office of your friend. I am in health enough of body, and through the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, well disposed in mind. This I premise, that you may be satisfied, that what I write proceeds not from any fantastic terror of mind, but from a sober resolution of what concerns myself, and earnest desire to do you more good after my death, than mine example (God of his mercy pardon the badness of it!) in my life-time may do you harm. I will not speak aught of the vanity of this world; your own age and experience will save that labour: but there is a certain thing that goeth up and down in the world, called Religion, dressed, and pretended fantastically, and to purposes bad enough, which yet, by such evil dealing, loseth not its being. The great good God hath not left it without a witness, more or less, sooner or later, in every man's bosom, to direct us in the pursuit of it, and for the avoiding of those inextricable disquisitions and entanglements with which our own frail reason would perplex us. God, in his infinite mercy, hath given us his holy word, in which, as there are many things hard to be understood, so there is enough plain and easy, to quiet our minds, and to direct us concerning our future being. I confess to God and you, I have been a great neglecter, and, I fear, despiser of it; God, of his infinite mercy, pardon me the dreadful fault!—But, when I retired myself from the noise and deceitful vanity of the world, I found no true comfort in any other resolution, than

what I had from thence; I commend, from the bottom of my heart, the same to your, I hope, happy use. Dear Hugh! let us be more generous than to believe we die as the beasts that perish; but with a Christian, manly, brave resolution, look to what is eternal. I will not trouble you farther. The only great and holy God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, direct you to an happy end of your life, and send us a joyful resurrection. So prays your true friend,
 “ MARLBOROUGH,”

HEAV’N from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib’d their present state :
 From brutes, what men; from men, what spirits know;
 Or who would suffer being here below!
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, could he skip and play?
 Pleas’d to the last, he crops the flow’ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais’d to shed his blood.
 Oh! blindness to the future! kindly giv’n,
 That each may fill the circle mark’d by heav’n,
 Who sees, with equal eyes, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

“ I KNOW by experience, (said Louis, the late Duke of Orleans) that sublunary grandeur and sublunary pleasure are delusive and vain, and are always infinitely below the conceptions we form of them: but, on the contrary, such happiness and such complacency may be found in devotion and piety, as the sensual mind has no idea of.”

IT is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to show that she imposes upon the careless eye, by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and, that, when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer, and awe the suppliant.

The dying SAINT.

WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse to sin;
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That where the sinner's pleasure ends
The good man's joys begin.

See smiling patience smoothe his brow !
See bending angels downward bow !
To lift his soul on high ;
While eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God
Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those sorrows which the wicked feel,
In vain their gloom display ;
For he who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night descend, can turn
Their darkness into day.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast :
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And heals his soul with rest.

O grant, my Saviour and my Friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
And calm my ev'ning's close ;
While loos'd from every earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To him from whence I rose.

IT is from the principles of virtue and religion only
that mankind can be cheerful in possessing life, and easy in
the resignation of it.

OH! happy they, who by a life well spent,
 Enjoy a true and undisturb'd content;
 Bless'd with a mind unconscious of offence,
 Good-temper, modesty, and solid sense:
 In search of happiness they never roam,
 Convinc'd that jewel's only found at home;
 Free from pride, envy, vanity, and art,
 Humble, resign'd, and virtuous is their heart:
 Their lives thus easy, tranquil, and serene,
 Without they're cheerful, and at peace within;
 They neither wish nor fear their period nigh,
 Content to live, and well prepar'd to die.

THE temper of Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been so equal and mild, that no accident could disturb it; and a remarkable instance of it is authenticated by a person who is still living. He had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind him. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that his dog having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as he was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation: — "Oh! Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

— OH, lovely Truth! say where's thy dwelling found;
 Where shall I fix my foot on solid ground?
 'Im out at sea! nor harbour can espy!
 'Tis all a boundless scene of sea and sky!
 How shall I then my little bark direct?
 What chart shall guide her, and what port protect?
 Where shall I fix my anchor? how explore
 Th' unerring way to Truth's all peaceful shore?
 I ask in fear:—I fear these learned shocks,
 These dangerous quicksands and destructive rocks.

Extensive

Extensive knowledge oft o'ersets the mind,
 Like hoisting too much sails before the wind :
 Yet ign'rance too is dang'rous ; 'tis a deep
 That drowns the soul, or lulls her pow'rs asleep.
 What then avails my search for mental blifs,
 Since knowing, or not knowing, proves amifs ?
 Debatings then adieu ! henceforth I'll steer,
 As led by humble hope, and humble fear ;
 I'll steer my bark to some sequester'd creek,
 And strive to hear what God and nature speak.
 I'll steal away with modesty of mind ;
 And bid my hopes and wishes lie resign'd :
 I'll bid my clam'rous passions all be still,
 And learn that noble art to rule my will.
 My little bark shall know her sov'reign's nod,
 (Her master Jesus, and her pilot God ;)
 This is the plan of peace by wisdom giv'n ;
 And revelation points this course to heav'n.

SOLITUDE is the hallowed ground which religion hath,
 In every age, chosen for her own. There, her inspiration
 felt, and her secret mysteries elevate the soul. There,
 falls the tear of contrition ; there, rises towards heaven the
 sigh of the heart ; there, melts the soul with all the tender-
 nesses of devotion ; and pours itself forth before him who
 made, and him who redeemed it.

THE splendid vanities of life despise,
 So quickly o'er, so useless to the wise ;
 What real joy can gain, or dress afford,
 Or are we happier though they call us lord :
 Let others flaunt, and throw their lives away,
 Proud, wretched, foolish, handsome, rich, and gay :
 Let noise and hurry every hour engage,
 Pomp, visits, faunt'ring, tavern, court, or stage,
 Nor envy we ; but those with pity view
 Who follow still false happiness for true ;
 Observe their errors, and observing shun,
 And from their practice as destruction run.

THOU attribute divine! thou ray of God's
 Immortal reason! come, and with thee bring,
 In thy exulting train, invincible,
 The honest purpose, and the cheerful heart;
 The joyful fancy, fill'd with images
 Of truth, of science, and of social love.
 There is no ground for fear, while we are good:
 Nature's the nurse, and Providence the guide..

SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude, thou placid queen,
 Of modest air, and brow serene,
 'Tis thou inspir'st the poet's themes,
 Wrap'd in soft visionary dreams.

Parent of virtue, nurse of thought;
 By thee were saints and patriarchs taught;
 Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,
 And in thy lap fair science grew.

Whate'er exalts, refines, and charms,
 Invites to thought, to virtue warms;
 Whate'er is perfect, fair, and good,
 We owe to thee, sweet Solitude.

In these blest shades thou dost maintain
 Thy peaceful unmolested reign;
 No turbulent desires intrude
 On thy repose, sweet Solitude.

With thee the charm of life shall last,
 E'vn when its rosy bloom is past,
 And when slow-pacing time shall spread
 Its silver blossoms o'er my head.

No more with this vain world perplex'd;
 Thou shalt prepare me for the next:
 The springs of life shall gently cease,
 And angels point the way to peace.

An HYMN.

LORD! in the solemn shades of night,
 When I behold the skies,
 In contemplation of thy works
 My thoughts to heav'n arise.

If I survey the silver moon,
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Who form'd her lucent orb, I cry,
 Must be supremely bright.

But when I view ten thousand stars,
 Shining with rival rays,
 My soaring soul the sky transcends,
 And thinks she sees thy blaze.

Transported with extatic love,
 Ingulph'd in bliss I stand,
 Gaze on thy dazzling beams, and taste
 The joys at thy right hand.

Celestial pleasures thro' my veins
 In floods of transport roll,
 And thy amazing goodness, Lord!
 With rapture melts my soul.

TIME is to be met; and never to be followed, because
 never to be overtaken.

A SOUL, which uncorrupted reason sways,
 With calm indiff'rence fortune's gifts surveys;
 If Providence an affluent store denies,
 Its own intrinsic worth that want supplies,
 Disdains by vicious actions to acquire
 That glitt'ring trifle vulgar minds admire,
 With ease to heav'n's superior will resigns,
 Nor meanly at another's wealth repines,
 Firmly adheres to virtue's steady rules,
 And scorns the fickle deity of fools.

THERE

THERE is scarce a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind, and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world. On the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature.

HEALTH, a kind gift from heaven sent ;
When added to a mind content,
Will evr'y want and wish supply,
And yield true joys which never die ;
What is grandeur, power, or wealth ?
All fleeting nothings, without health.

THERE is nothing which contributes so much to the welfare and happiness of mankind as contentment, and a calm submission to the will of Providence. It is that alone which pours the lenient balm of consolation into the wounds of poverty ; it is that which renders the yoke of captivity light, and supports the mind under all the troubles of adversity and distress.

THE characteristicks of virtue, are modesty and humility ; the most common attendants of prosperity, are pride and presumption.

By a Young Man on attaining his FREEDOM.

NOW the sweet morn of liberty appears,
I grasp at once the joys of future years ;
For ever bid each gloomy scene depart,
Whilst joy unrival'd circles round my heart,
And, in full torrents, gushes through each vein,
While eager transports turn almost to pain !
But ah ! rash youth, why wrapp'd in transient joy ?
Sickness may fade, affliction may destroy ;
Or death may blast, and turn to scenes of woe,
Those pleasures which, in thought, so plenteous flow.
Then rouse, my soul ! seek more substantial bliss
In the next world, which can't be felt in this !

THERE

AVOID

AVOID all books, and all conversation, that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

CULTIVATE an enlarged charity for all mankind, however they may differ from you in their religious opinions. That difference may probably arise from causes in which you had no share, and from which you can derive no merit.

THERE is a dignity in conscious virtue which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

IT is a great article in the happiness of life, to have your pleasures as independent of others as possible.

WHEN benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in hazard of being ruffled from without.

SOFT-SMILING hope ! thou anchor of the mind !
 The only resting place th' unhappy find ;
 How dost thou all our anxious cares beguile !
 And make the orphan, and the friendless smile.
 With thee on pleasure's wings, thro' life we're borne ;
 Without thee, wretched, friendless, and forlorn.
 Possess of thee, the weary pilgrim strays
 Thro' barren deserts, and untrodden ways :
 Thirsty and faint, his nerves new vigour strings,
 And full of thee, he quaffs immortal springs.

WHEN smiling fortune spreads her golden ray,
 All croud around to flatter and betray :
 But when she thunders from an angry sky,
 Our friends—our flatterers, and our lovers fly.

SOME have pitied “ an unlearned gentleman on a rainy day.” Upon any day the man is extremely to be pitied who can neither amuse his mind by reading, nor bear to be a moment conversing with himself.

SOLITUDE

SOLITUDE is agreeable to pure and sensible hearts; it is only when we are afraid of our own reflections that we fear a calm, and seek dissipation.

IF you have acted your part with integrity and honour, you are justly entitled to respect, and you will generally receive it. For rarely, or never, is old age contemned, unless when, by vice or folly, it renders itself contemptible. Though length of time may have worn off superficial ornaments, yet what old age loses in grace, it often gains in dignity.

VAIN, nay, often dangerous, were youthful enterprise, if not conducted by aged prudence. "I said, days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. "Therefore, thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and "and honour the face of an old man, and fear thy God."

PATIENCE resists the greatest hardships of this world, and sweetens the bitters of adversity in such a manner, that we scarce perceive we are miserable. It is one of those virtues that constantly carries its own reward, for the very practice of it makes us sensible of its benefits.

TRUE happiness dwells with God; and from the light of his countenance, it beams upon the devout man. His voice is, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is "none upon earth that I desire beside thee." After exploring heaven and earth for happiness, they seem to him a mighty void, a wilderness of shadows, where all would be empty and unsubstantial without God. But in his favour and love, he finds what supplies every defect of temporal objects; and assures tranquility to his heart, amidst all the changes of his existence. "Thou shalt guide me with thy "counsel; and thou shalt receive me to thy glory. My "flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my "heart, and my portion for ever."

KNOWLEDGE is the ornament of the rich, and the riches of the poor.

LET

LET all our wishes here below
 Their just and proper limits know :
 Would you possess a tranquil mind,
 Then bear the lot by heav'n assigned.
 Thro' anxious wishes to increase,
 We often make our pleasures less.

A WOMAN must be very injudicious in the choice of her studies, if she is not frequently reminded by her books of the various duties with which she ought to acquaint herself. She cannot avoid thinking, and therefore must see the consequence of neglecting them. But the hurry, the confusion of dissipation, leaves her too little time for thought. They rob her equally of reflection enough to know them, and of leisure to practise them.

TO misapply riches, is to abuse the liberality of a benevolent Creator ; whereas to make a proper application of them, and to spread them abroad, by distributing to the needy and oppressed, is to perform the part of an useful subject and good Christian.

HOW amiable, how soft is virtue ! how amply does she reward those who obey her precepts !—she has her sorrows, like all other afflictions, but even in the midst of those sorrows she brings consolation. Her momentary afflictions are fully compensated. They never fail to be succeeded by the purest, the most lively, and the most durable pleasures.

PERFECT happiness is not the growth of a terrestrial soil ; it buds in the gardens of the virtues on earth ; but blooms with unfading verdure only in the celestial regions.

HAPPINESS is not confined to any rank of men ; the Supreme Being, in his infinite wisdom, hath made an impartial distribution of it to every station in life. Wisely hath he ordained that none should be wholly exempt from trouble, lest we place our affections too much on sublunary objects ; nor that any should be constantly subjected to it, lest we despair.

HOW

HOW useless and unhappy are those idle mortals who in the morning count the tedious hours of the day, complain of their number, and lay out part of them in contriving how to squander the rest.

An HYMN to the CREATOR.

GOD of my health! whose bounteous care
First gave me power to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

Whilst void of thought and sense I lay,
Dust of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

From thee my parts their fashion took,
And e'er my life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinished plan;
The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

O may this frame that rising grew
Beneath thy plastic hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands.

The soul that moves this earthly load
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor loose the traces of the God,
That stamp'd his image there.

THE refinements of dissipation have arisen to such a pitch, that what was luxury to our fore-fathers, does now even comprize the necessaries of life.

AFFLICTION

TO plead custom in defence of a fault, is to intimate that
 offences become more excusable by being multiplied : an
 inference as weak as it is dangerous.

On being waked in the Night by a violent STORM.

LOCK'D in the arms of balmy sleep,
 From every care of day,
 As silent as the folded sheep,
 And as secure I lay.

Sudden, tremendous thunders roll,
 Quick light'nings round me glare;
 The solemn scene alarms the soul,
 And wakes the heart to pray'r.

Whate'er, O Lord, at this still hour,
 These awful sounds portend,
 Whether meer ensigns of thy power,
 Or groans for nature's end,

Grant me to bear with equal mind
 These terrors of the sky,
 For ever, as thou wilt, resign'd,
 Alike to live or die.

Welcome the bolt, where'er it fall
 Beneath the passing sun;
 Thy righteous will determines all,
 And let that will be done.

Quick interpose, all gracious Lord,
 In this tremendous night;
 Arise and be alike ador'd
 For mercy as for might!

Vouchsafe, amidst this time of dread,
 Thy suppliant's voice to hear;
 O shield from harm each friendly head,
 And all my soul holds dear.

Let it not kill where riot foul
 Pours forth the drunken jest,
 Nor where the guilt-envenom'd soul
 Starts wild from troubled rest.

A while, O spare, those sinful breasts,
 Whose deeds the night deform,
 Nor strike where smiling virtue rests,
 Unconscious of the storm.

Succour the couch where beauty lies,
 All pale with tender fear;
 Where sickness lifts her languid eyes,
 O pour thy comforts there!

Let them not waste this awful night
 Like common hours away;
 But glow with wisdom's sacred light,
 More fair than orient day.

Warm'd by each flash, may virtue rise,
 And with its glories spread,
 While ev'ry blasted bud of vice
 Shrinks in new terrors dead.

So, on that dreadful judgment day,
 Whose image shakes the soul;
 Tho' keenest light'nings shoot their ray,
 And loudest thunders roll,

Well pleas'd, O Lord, each eye shall see
 Those final thunders hurl'd;
 And mark with joy, for love of thee,
 That flash which melts the world.

AGED wisdom, when joined with acknowledged virtue, exerts an authority over the human mind, greater even than that which arises from power and station. It can check the most forward, abash the most profligate, and strike with awe the most giddy and unthinking.

AFFLICTION

AFFLICTION is our best friend, and its awful lessons are never so necessary as in youth. We set out in life, ardent with the hope of attaining happiness, but pursue a wrong path, as we seek it in diversions and sensual pleasures. Happy they who by afflictions are called off to a more rational course!

An INSCRIPTION written at a favourite Retirement.

WHAT tho' nor glitt'ring turret rise,
 Nor splendor gild these mild retreats;
 Yet nature here in modest guise,
 Displays her unambitious sweets;
 Along each gentle swelling lawn
 She strays, with rustic garlands crown'd;
 And wakes the flow'rs at early dawn,
 To fling their bosom'd fragrance round.
 Here teach thy votr'y, blameless guide,
 To trace thy step, serene, and free;
 To shun the toilsome heights of pride;
 Thro' these calm scenes to follow thee.
 His silent walk do thou adorn,
 O'er these green slopes, from tumult far;
 Whether he greet the blushing morn,
 Or welcome up yon ev'ning star;
 Intent, while thro' these tufted bow'rs,
 Thy gen'rous whispers charm his ear,
 To hail from heav'n thy kindred pow'rs,
 And meet fair peace and freedom here.

WORLDLY enjoyments are shown to be hollow and deceitful, with an express intention to direct our affections towards those which are spiritual. The same discoveries which diminish the value of the one, serve to increase that of the other.

ONE of the most important lessons which can be given to man, is resignation to his Maker; and nothing inculcates it more than the experience of his own inability to guide himself.

ODE TO HUMANITY.

IN heav'n, bright maid, that bliss receive,
 Which goodness only knows ;
 Who bidst the honest bosom grieve,
 That hears another's woes.

Thy soothing voice the wretch can cheer,
 Whom anguish taught to sigh ;
 And speak away the rising tear
 From pale affliction's eye.

Where'er, in kind complacence drest,
 Thy sacred beam shall shine ;
 It lifts, expands, exalts the breast,
 And swells it to divine.

For ever clad in native charms,
 Thy smile benignant lives ;
 In friendship, with delight it warms,
 In anger, it forgives.

Like heav'n's high goodness unconfin'd,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 And copies still th' eternal mind,
 To bless the human soul.

Thy stream, and mercy's, child of love ;
 From one great current flow ;
 For all that mercy is above,
 Humanity's below.

HE whose wishes, respecting the possessions of this world, are the most reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the safest, and, for that reason, the most desirable life. By aspiring too high, we frequently miss the happiness, which, by a less ambitious aim, we might have gained. High happiness on earth, is rather a picture which the imagination forms, than a reality which man is allowed to possess.

OLD

OLD age never appears with greater dignity, than when, tempered by mildness, and enlivened with good-humour, it acts as the guide and patron of youth. Religion displayed in such a character, strikes the beholders, as at once amiable and venerable. They revere its power, when they see it adding so much grace to the decays of nature, and shedding so pleasing a lustre over the evening of life. The young wish to tread in the same steps, and to arrive at the close of their days with equal honour. They listen with attention to counsels, which are mingled with tenderness, and rendered respectable by grey hairs. For, notwithstanding all its presumption, youth naturally bend before superior knowledge and years.

Extract of a LETTER, written by the EARL of ESSEX, to his particular Friend the EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, sometime before his Death.

“ With respect to your natural gifts and abilities, remember, first, that you have nothing which you have not received. Secondly, that you possess them, not as a lord over them, but as one who must give an account for them. Thirdly, if you employ them to serve this world, or your own worldly delight, which the Prince of this world will seek to entertain you with; it is ingratitude, it is injustice, yea, it is perfidious treachery. For what would you think of such a servant of your's, who should convert your goods, committed to his charge, to the advantage or service of your greatest enemy? And what do you less than this with God; since you have all from him, and know that the world, and the princes thereof, are at continual enmity with him. Therefore, if ever the admonition of your truest friend shall be heard by you; or if your country, which you may serve in so great and many things, be dear unto you; if your God, whom you must (if you deal truly with yourself) acknowledge to be powerful over all, and just in all, be feared by you; yea, if you be dear unto yourself, and prefer an everlasting happiness before a pleasant dream, out of which you must shortly awake, and then repent in the bitterness of your soul; if any of these things be regarded by

Q 3

you,

you, then, I say, call yourself to account for what is past; cancel all the leagues you have made without the warrant of a religious conscience; make a regular covenant with your God, to serve him with all your natural and spiritual, inward and outward gifts and abilities: and then he who is faithful, and cannot lie, and hath promised to honour those who honour him, will give you that inward peace of soul, and true joy of heart, which till you have, you will never rest, and which, when you have, you shall never be shaken; and which you can never attain to any other way."

ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, gentle Spring! whose genial pow'r
Calls to new life each fragrant flow'r,
In richest tints array'd;
Whose balmy breath revives each scene,
The shady grove, the daisied green,
In verdant beauty clad.

At thy approach the feather'd trains
Renew their long neglected strains;
Sweet musick floats around;
Whilst list'ning echo's busy tongue
Repeats the burden of each song,
In faint imperfect sound.

Thy presence prompts the lab'ring swain
To give, with equal hand, the grain
To the kind fost'ring soil;
Mild suns autumnal shall mature
The golden crop, in happy hour,
To recompense his toil.

Long had the clear meand'ring rill,
Confin'd in icy chains, stood still,
Doom'd then to glide no more;
But by thy lenient hand set free,
It moves to liquid melody,
Adown the shelving shore.

The mute sojourners of the brook
 Had long their wonted paths forsook,
 Cramp'd by stern winter's reign;
 But, rous'd by thy reviving beam,
 Again they gambol in the stream,
 And skim the glassy plain.

Ah! short-liv'd joys! the angler keen
 Shall soon to sorrow change the scene,
 With the deceptive fly;
 The speckled rovers seize the bait,
 And swallow unsuspected fate;
 They flounce, they gasp, they die.

Thy healing hand destroys disease;
 Thy breath brings health in every breeze;
 Before thee, agues fly:
 Thou giv'st each heart with joy to glow,
 All blood in brisker streams to flow;
 Health laughs in every eye.

What tribute, then, shall mortals bring,
 To offer to the genial spring?
 What trophies shall we raise?
 With grateful songs, at least, let's try
 To waft her praises to the sky,
 In loud accordant lays.

THE rich man fills a station wherein ample opportunity is afforded him of doing much good in the distribution of his wealth to the poor, the hungry, and the naked, among his brethren. He is surrounded by those whose afflictions claim his sympathy and assistance; and to whom he may lend a part of his treasure, on the best security, and most profitable usury.

NONE can be so insensible of the obligations to charity, as to think themselves excusable in not lending their assistance to lighten that load of affliction which lies so heavy on thousands of their fellow-creatures.

ADDISON

ADDISON has remarked, with equal piety and truth, that the "creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man." To the truth of this position every good man will assent, not only from its reasonableness, but from the concurring testimony of his own experience.

AS vice is the proper object of aversion to every rational being, all the avenues that secretly admit it ought to be guarded with the utmost caution. And as vice is never so dangerous as when it assumes the mask of harmless pleasure, whatever tends to introduce it under that alluring form, ought to be most studiously avoided.

THE duration of life is uncertain, and its business of the highest importance. No time is to be lost; the voice of wisdom is calling aloud for diligence. The hour is hastening when the dream of vanity will be broken up, when every illusion will vanish, when miscarriage cannot be repaired, and repentance will prove vain. Every terrestrial blessing will then cease to afford its wonted comfort; our hopes and fears will be concentrated in one dreadful point, on which is suspended our portion in eternity.

THE best means to exterminate pride from the human heart, is diligently to study that excellent science, the knowledge of ourselves. If we examine our own imperfections, they will exhibit an humiliating prospect. When we reflect how little can be known, confidence will give place to modest doubt, and humble inquiry. When we consider how many deviations the best of us are making from the path of unerring rectitude, pride will stand abashed, and all the aspirings of ambition will be laid in the dust.— From a consciousness of our own weakness, we shall look with pity on the weaknesses of our brethren, and endeavour to cover them with the veil of celestial charity.

IT is only in proportion as men wisely and profitably employ the time allotted them in this state of being, that they can review life with satisfaction when its solemn close approaches.

DEPRAVED

DEPRAVED as human nature is, men do not suddenly become really wicked. It is by slow gradations that vice, as well as virtue, gains absolute dominion in the mind.

The DISTINCTION.

THE shape alone let others prize,
Or features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, a snowy arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me the animated form
That speaks the mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses fade.

AVARICE, ambition, luxury, and pride, are the very tyrants of the mind; they act without counsel, are above all restraint, and having once deposed reason from her throne, render her even subservient to their basest aims.

ONE of the principal concerns of those who have youth placed under their tuition should be to make instruction appear as amiable as possible, and take every method in their power to render it pleasing and delightful.

WHEN Socrates was asked, which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to perfect happiness; he answered, "That man who is in want of the fewest things."

The

The Fox and BRAMBLE.

A FOX closely pursued, thought it prudent and meet
 To a bramble for refuge, all in haste to retreat;
 He enter'd the covert, but entering he found,
 That briars and thorns did on all sides abound,
 And that though he was safe, yet he never could stir,
 But his sides they would wound, or would tear off his fur.
 He shrugg'd up his shoulders, but would not complain,
 To repine at small evils (quoth Reynard) is vain:
 That no bliss is perfect, I very well know,
 But from the same source, good and evil both flow:
 And full sorely my skin, tho' these briars may rend,
 Yet they keep off the dogs, and my life will defend.
 For the sake of the good then, let evil be borne,
 For each sweet has its bitter, each bramble its thorn.

TO GOOD-NATURE.

OH! gentlest blessing man can find!
 Sweet soother of the ruffled mind:
 As the soft powers of oil assuage
 Of ocean's waves the furious rage;
 Lull to repose the boiling tide,
 Whose billows charm'd to rest subside;
 Smooth the vex'd bosom of the deep,
 'Till every trembling motion sleep!
 Thy soft enchantments thus controul
 The tumult of the troubled soul!
 By labour worn, by care oppress'd,
 On thee the weary mind shall rest;
 From business and distraction free,
 Delighted shall return to THEE:
 To Thee the aching heart shall cling,
 And find the peace it does not bring.
 Ye candidates for earth's best prize,
 Domestick life's sweet charities;
 Oh! if your erring eye once strays
 From smooth Good-nature's level ways;

If e'er, in evil hour betray'd,
 You choose some vain, fantastic maid,
 On such for bliss if you depend,
 Without the means you seek the end ;
 A pyramid you strive to place,
 The point inverted for the base ;
 You hope, in spite of reason's laws,
 A consequence without a cause.
 And you, bright nymphs, who bless our eyes,
 With all that skill, that taste supplies ;
 Learn, that accomplishments at best
 Serve but for garnish in life's feast ;
 Yet still with these the polish'd wife
 Should deck the feast of human life.
 Wit, a poor standing dish would prove,
 Tho' 'tis an excellent remove ;
 Howe'er your transient guests may praise
 Your gay parade on gala days,
 Yet know your husband still will wish
 Good-nature for his standing dish.
 Still, in life's Fasti, you presume
 Eternal holidays will come ;
 But, in its highest, happiest lot,
 Oh ! let it never be forgot
 Life is not an olympic game,
 Where sports and plays must gain the fame ;
 Each month is not the month of May,
 Nor is each day a holiday.
 Tho' wit may gild life's atmosphere,
 When all is lucid, calm, and clear,
 In bleak affliction's dreary hour,
 The brightest flash must lose its pow'r ;
 While temper, in the darkest skies,
 A kindly light and warmth supplies.
 Divine Good-nature ! 'tis decreed,
 The happiest still thy charm shou'd need,
 Sweet architect ! rais'd by thy hands,
 Fair concord's temple firmly stands :
 Tho' sense, tho' prudence, rear the pile,
 Tho' each approving virtue smile,

Some

Some sudden gust, nor rare the case,
 May shake the building to its base,
 Unless to guard against surprises,
 On thy firm arch the structure rises.

WE find, that the best scholars are the least ostentatious. It will ever be so, where erudition is accompanied with judgment, and matured by reflection. Take care to preserve sober sense, and unassuming manners; far from giving disgust, by literary attainments, to any person whose regard is of moment, you will give pleasure to every thinking man and woman of your acquaintance.

WHEN in conversation you claim no kind of pre-eminence, but instead of pretending to teach, are willing to learn; instead of courting applause, are ready to confer it; instead of proudly directing, are content quietly to follow the current of discourse; every body will be delighted with your deportment; will listen with attention, and even deference, to one who has thus learnt, that the noblest improvement of superior knowledge is superior humility.

WHEN we are to talk upon matters of importance, false delicacy must give way to truth, and ceremony be sacrificed to candour. An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to flattery.

IT is easy for the imagination, operating on things not yet existing, to please itself with scenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courses of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inseparably united; habits grow stronger by indulgence; and reason loses her dignity, in proportion as she has oftner yielded to temptation: "He that cannot live well to-day, (says Martial) will be less qualified to live well to-morrow."

OF all charities, that of employing the poor is the most charitable. It is in a manner to double the obligation by lessening it, it being more grateful to any man to put him in

in a capacity of relieving himself, than to make him a pensioner to others, and it is turning a bounty into a reward.

SUCH are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satisfied, we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

OUR souls must first suffer, and relent in the furnace of affliction, beneficently appointed for us by our Maker, before they can be purified from their sensual desires, and mistaken notions of happiness: and hence it becomes intelligible to our reason, that through much trouble we are to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

WEALTH is nothing in itself, it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to its best uses by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain, that, with regard to corporeal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages to anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring idleness, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, and harden stupidity.

THE scenes of trouble, which afflict the great,
Teach private life to prize its humble state.

'TIS an agreeable representation, which a French writer gives of the situation of his own mind. " I love Virtue, (says he) without austerity; pleasure without effeminacy; and life without fearing its end."

WEALTH cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.

IN adverse fortune, moderation does not only preserve us from contempt, but assists us frequently in finding remedies for our greatest misfortunes.

H Y M N.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee :
How distant then must human praise,
From thy perfections be !

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense,
Each creature, ev'ry where around,
Displays thy excellence !

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the east its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breeze,
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers own, from thee
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
 And water's murm'ring fall,
 T'o praise the first Almighty cause
 With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
 And shall I silent be?
 No; rather let me cease to be,
 Than cease from praising thee!

MEN, whose bodies are free from pain, their minds from remorse; who possess enough to satisfy the wants of nature, and covet fewest of the superfluities of life; are far happier than the ambitious who roll in riches and luxury, while they have yet desires which cannot be gratified; or the avaricious, whose barns are filled with plenty, while they have not hearts capable of enjoying it.

The distinction of Ages into divisions of seven years, has something in it that is just and natural:—

THE seven first years of life (man's break of day)
 Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display.
 When fourteen springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,
 His soft and blushful meanings learn to speak.
 From twenty-one, proud manhood takes its date;
 Yet is not strength complete till twenty-eight.
 Thence to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
 Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire.
 At forty-two his eyes grave wisdom wear;
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care.
 On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase;
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace.
 At fifty-six cool reason reigns intire;
 Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire.
 But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
 E'er the unwearied mind has run her length.
 And when, from seventy, age surveys her last;
 Tir'd, she stops short—and wishes all were past.

OF all employments, the contemplation of the Deity, in his works, is the most noble, the most interesting, and pleasurable. By the things that are seen, the studious mind gradually ascends, as it were, from earth to heaven, and contemplates the attributes of their invincible author.

THE true Christian believes that all things work for good to those who love God: he knows that the beneficent Creator of all things does not willingly grieve or afflict the work of his own hands: and in this belief he is always thankful, calm, serene, and resigned, under any dispensations of Providence.

WHILST the poor man rejoices in the midst of his labour, that he is providing for himself and those whom by the ties of nature he is obliged to support; the gentleman oftentimes grows fretful, melancholy, and out of temper, for want of business to employ his time, and is forced to seek after insignificant diversions, to turn the stream of his own restless and uneasy thoughts. But, after all, he that enjoys the greatest share of pleasure is at an immense distance from perfect happiness: Providence having wisely intermixed several degrees of uneasiness and satisfaction in every thing our senses have to do with; to the intent, that finding imperfection, disquietude, and a want of complete felicity in all those enjoyments which we can here obtain or wish for, we may be the more ready and content to quit our station, whenever it shall please him to call us hence.

THE human state is but a passage, not a place of abode. It is a station of exercise and discipline, and was not designed for the place of enjoyment. That happy country is before us.

AS longs the weary traveller for rest,
Faint with the heat and labour of the day;
As pines the infant for its mother's breast,
And nothing else its cravings can allay:
As the touch'd needle trembles for the pole,
So heaven alone can satisfy the soul:

A LETTER

A LETTER from the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM to Dr. W.
Written on his death-bed.

“ DEAR DOCTOR,

“ I HAVE always looked upon you to be a person of true virtue, and know you to have a sound understanding; for however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands; for I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, Time!—I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours. How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the time of distress? In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent Being, in his afflictions, whom, in the time of his prosperity, he never remembered with reverence?—Don’t brand me with infidelity, when I tell you, that I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the Throne of Grace, or to implore that Divine Mercy in the next world, which I have scandalously abused in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God?—Shall an insult offered to the king be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect? The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, were you to shew them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity; but whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than resentment. A future state may well enough strike terror into any man, who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed, who does not shrink at the presence of God. The apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of his understanding. To what a situation am I

R. 3

now

now reduced? Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian? From my rank, I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end: instead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse; despised by my country, and I fear, forsaken by my God. There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary abilities: I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, especially as I sincerely regret that I ever had them. My rank in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous; and fascinated by the general applause which they procured, I never considered the proper means by which they should be displayed.—Hence, to procure a smile from a blockhead, whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect; and sported with the Holy Name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but contempt. Your men of wit generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to people of meaner understandings. It is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity: and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good. What a pity, that the Holy Writings are not made the criterion of true judgment; or that any person should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that appears solicitous about his happiness in the next. I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants on my bounty: but no matter! I am not fit to converse with the former, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not, however, be wholly cast off by the good. Favour me with a visit as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease, especially on a subject I could talk of for ever. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you; my distemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor unhappy

“BUCKINGHAM.”

On the DEATH of an INFANT. By a Youth of 16.

SWEET babe ! by death's cold hand in earliest bloom
 Torn from thy mother's bosom to the tomb :
 While o'er thy grave thy drooping parents bend ;
 Oh ! may these parents hear a faithful friend !
 Nor think thee only born but to bequeath
 Pain at thy birth, and sorrow at thy death :
 For when the great eternal day shall come,
 Then shall they meet thee at thy happiest home ;
 And see their first dear pledge of mutual love
 Blooming in spotless innocence above.

Written near the Entrance of a fine Wood.

FOWLER ! cast thy gun behind,
 Ere thou treadst this gentle grove :
 None come here of ruthless mind ;
 None who are not friends to love.

Mark, how all the air is ringing !
 Mark yon Blackbird on the spray !
 Rapturous his vernal singing ;
 Wouldst thou sport his life away !

Ruthless lord ! thy trust abusing,
 Sent to rule this earthly ball,
 As a patron all things using,
 Not a tyrant over all.

See, from out his sylvan hiding,
 Yonder little Lev'ret stray,
 Food to crop of heav'n's providing,
 Would'st thou sport his life away ?

Dread, lest justice, long-forbearing,
 Rouze the Snake, in grass conceal'd.
 Others death whilst thou'rt preparing,
 Thine may suddenly be seal'd.

Hast

Hast thou spark of human nature,
 What thou'rt doing, thou must hate:
 If thou'rt not a savage creature,
 Thou'lt ne'er sport with others fate.

Wife and children, if possessing,
 Loving, duteous, blooming, gay,
 Dost thou hope for heav'n's dear blessing?
 Cast thy murd'ring gun away.

So shall happiness smile on thee,
 Bounteous plenty swell thy store;
 Blast and storm shall ever shun thee,
 Smiling peace shall guard thy door.

OH! how necessary is religion, particularly at that fatal crisis which terminates all the steps of our life.

EXTRACT from a POEM called DUNNOTTER CASTLE.

YOUTH flies apace, frail beauty meets decay,
 The mighty's strength, like ice, shall melt away;
 Riches take wings, and fame's far sounding boast
 Shall die away! the pride of life be lost!
 Health, pleasures, life, shall pass, a fading flower,
 Sport of a day, and pageant of an hour!
 Fix not on these thy heart, but rise sublime,
 And seek a bliss unmov'd by fate or time:
 Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
 No change can alter, no possession cloy:
 Virtue, like this great rock, stands firmly brave,
 And scorns the ebb and flow of fortune's wave.
 Unmov'd the storms of life can calmly bear,
 Collected in itself, and void of fear.
 E'en when these rocks and seas shall pass away,
 And yon bright orb no longer pour the day,
 Virtue shall stand the test, like gold refin'd,
 And beam immortal radiance o'er the mind.
 Thro' endless ages gain increasing store
 Of light, and life, and joy, and active pow'r,
 And bloom when time and nature are no more.

THE giving of alms, and at the same time reproaching the poor, is a charitable action uncharitably performed.

THE shortest way to be rich is not by enlarging our estates, but by contracting our desires.

THE whole religious business of mankind is included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow fellow-creatures.

'TIS not the outward graces I admire,
 Those transient beauties that must shortly die,
 The blushing form that must e'er long expire,
 And buried in oblivion ever lie:
 'Tis the more noble beauties of the mind,
 Whose charms extatic, time can ne'er decay;
 They leave a monument of worth behind,
 The fiends of slander ne'er can take away.
 They add allurements to the loveliest face,
 They sure attract the candid lover's eye;
 They render pleasing every seeming grace,
 The want of outward charms they oft supply.

REFLECT often that the rose which is so beautiful, and diffuses its rich scent so far, is surrounded by thorns. This will teach you that there is no wealth, no greatness, no pleasure, in the world, without pain.

HOWEVER amiable fame may appear to the living, it is certainly no advantage to the dead: whatever dangers they have dared, whatever toils they have undergone, whatever difficulties they have surmounted, the grave is deaf to the voice of applause, and the dust of the noble and the vulgar sleep in the same obscurity together.

REPROOF is often to the weak mind what physick is to the weak body, which either not timed seasonably, or given in too great a quantity, makes the remedy worse than the disease. — Nothing requires more care, experience, and knowledge, than the office of a reprover.

A JUST

A JUST and impartial estimation of our possessions and deficiencies, is the summit of philosophy.

IF nothing else could make us in love with poverty, its banishing flatterers, and distinguishing between the true and false friend, is sufficient to recommend it. What virtues accompany this blessing ! How humble, modest, cautious of giving offence, humane, and obliging does it make us ! Poverty makes us industrious, screens us from envy, renders us healthy, and drives luxury, vanity, and extravagance, from our doors.

POVERTY is not to be wished, but if it is our lot, we should endeavour to make it fit as easy as possible.

WE seldom repent of saying nothing ; but almost always of saying too much.

CHERISH the sympathetic feelings of humanity ; and commiserate the distressed of thy fellow-creatures : give them all the relief thou canst, at least with thy counsel, and with as much of thy substance as thou canst spare without injuring thyself.

THIS world is not the port of rest, it is but the passage to it. Pursue therefore your way under the direction of the best wisdom, remembering that your all is on board, and that your safe arrival at the haven where you would be, depends on steering your course by the compass of virtue.

FEMALE beauty, when adorned by virtue, draws, as with magnetic force, the notice of every one : and who can behold such a sight without feeling his admiration change into the warmth of esteem and friendship ? How short-lived is the influence of mere beauty ? insipid and spiritless, it attracts observation for a moment, but that soon ends when we find no soul to animate, no sense to make the hours pass in profitable and smooth course, and no virtue to command the respect, the awe, of rational friendship.

The SEASONS moralized.

THEY who to warmer regions run,
 May blefs the favour of the fun,
 But seek in vain what charms us here,
 Life's picture varying with the year.

Spring and her wanton train advance,
 Like youth to lead the festive dance,
 All, all her scenes are mirth and play,
 And blushing blossoms own her sway.

The Summer next (those blossoms blown)
 Brings on the fruits that spring had sown.
 Thus men advance, improv'd by time,
 And nature triumphs in her prime.

Then Autumn crowns the beauteous year,
 The groves a sicklier aspect wear,
 And mournful, she (the lot of all)
 Matures her fruits to make them fall.

Clad in the vestments of a tomb,
 Old age is only winter's gloom —
 Winter, alas! shall spring restore,
 But youth returns to man no more.

THE Jesuits at Mohilaw, a town in Poland, erected a canopy for the Empress of Russia to sit under while she attended at divine service in their chapel; but she refused the use of it, saying, "That Queens and Kings, in the " fight of, or before God, were no more than other " people."

THOUGH every instance of Death may justly awaken our fears, and quicken our vigilance, yet nothing can be more strikingly awful than to see any of our fellow-citizens taken from us suddenly, in the midst of the business and enjoyments of life. Such alarming visitations should be suffered to make their due impressions on our mind, admonish us of the uncertainty of our situation, and fix our attention on that solemn change which must soon, we know not how soon, happen to ourselves.

The

The LAWYER'S PRAYER.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
 Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
 Mine be the conscience void of blame,
 The upright heart, the spotless name;
 The tribute of the widow's pray'r,
 The righted orphan's grateful tear:
 To virtue, and her friends, a friend;
 Still may my voice the weak defend.
 Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
 Protect th' oppressor in his wrong,
 Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
 To sanctify the villain's cause.
 Let others with unsparing hand,
 Scatter their poison thro' the land,
 Inflame dissention, kindle strife,
 And strew with ills the path of life.
 On such her gifts let fortune show'r,
 Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r,
 On me may fav'ring heav'n bestow
 That peace which good men only know;
 The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
 Th' eternal sunshine of the breast!
 Pow'r, fame, and riches, I resign,
 The praise of honesty be mine;
 That friends may weep,—the worthy sigh,
 And poor men bless me, when I die.

MORAL philosophy, (it is said by a celebrated author) makes the honest man. Natural philosophy the ingenious man. History the man of experience. Poesy the man of wit. Rhetoric the eloquent man. Polite learning sheds a diffusive grace and ornament upon all kinds of literature. The knowledge of the world constitutes the intelligent man. The study of the sacred pages forms the good man. But all these must go together to make the perfect, complete gentleman.

THOUGH

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

IN Youth, by hope remov'd to distant days,
 Death's shadowy form no glancing eye dismays;
 In warring age, the palsied hand of fear,
 With all his terrors brings the spectre near;
 Then fancy, skilful in the painter's art,
 Shapes the grim feature, and projects the dart.
 Man! wretched man, whom lengthened woes attend,
 Still clings to life, and fears th' approaching end;
 Of pain and want tenacious, gasps for breath,
 And tir'd and restless, dreads the sleep of death.
 By age, and age's wants, and woes, grown wise,
 I view thee death, tho' near, with placid eyes.
 Thy hast'ning strides let superstition dread,
 And vice, too late repenting, hide her head.
 With joy the sailor, long by tempests tost,
 Spreads all his canvas for the rising coast;
 With joy the hind, his daily labour done,
 Sees the broad shadows, and the setting sun;
 With joy the slave, worn out with tedious woes,
 Beholds the hand that liberty bestows.
 So death with joy my feeble voice shall greet,
 My hand shall beckon, and my wish shall meet.

ADVICE to the FAIR SEX.

TO reason, ye fair ones, assert your pretence,
 Nor hearken to language beneath common sense.
 When angels, men call you, and homage would pay
 If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view;
 Ten thousand oaths sworn, yet none of them true:
 Such passions, O heed not, unless to deride,
 Lest victims you fall to an ill grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue, to sound,
 True blessings can ne'er without goodness be found;
 Leave folly and fashions, misguiders of youth,
 And stick to their opposites, Virtue and Truth.

IN doing benevolent things, there is, both as to the time and the manner, a propriety which gives value even to the least. The manner, in particular, has a marvellous effect. A charitable action, gracefully done, is twice done. To some people one would be willing to owe almost every thing, so handsomely do they confer kindness; while from others a favour for the opposite reason is a load.

IT is not he who possesses, but he who enjoys, his fortune, that can be called the real proprietor of it: the former is only the steward to posterity, the latter the right heir.

WERE it as fashionable to adorn the heart, as it is in the present age to disfigure the head, imitation then would be laudable:—but to comply with fashion at the expense of our understanding, and render ourselves ridiculous in compliment to others, is neither laudable nor just.

THE humble tribute of obedience, from a sincere heart, is more acceptable to the Sovereign Lord of the Universe, than the most pompous display of ceremonious worship. The mental aspirations of an humble heart are as intelligible to the sacred ear, as the loudest exclamations of vocal prayer.

WHEN thou discoverest any faults in others, make the right use of them; which is to correct and amend the like failures in thyself.

THE benefits in social life, which arise from a cultivation of friendship, can only be conceived by those who delight in acts of generosity and benevolence.

TEMPERANCE has those particular advantages above all other means of preserving health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions at any season, or in any place: it is a kind of regimen which every man may observe without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time.

A THINKING

A THINKING man, is doubtless very much embarrassed in a crowd; because a multitude and a noise are great enemies to reflection: but such a man will, perhaps derive, from the enjoyment of his thinking powers, double satisfaction when he gets out of it.

REFLECTIONS ON A DYING PLOVER.

ARRESTED in her mid career,
See where a hapless Plover falls.
Her tortur'd sides, in pangs severe,
Confess the quick, impurpled balls.

How oft with quiv'ring wing she tries
To gain, once more, her lofty course;
But ah!—its help the wing denies,
And down she drops,—her last resource.

The sportsman views his bleeding prey,
Exulting, lifts her from the ground;
While dark'ning shades involve her day,
And death her struggles doth confound.

She who before, perhaps, had been
The happiest of the brumal throng,
Here meets her fate, quite unforeseen,
Nor can her shorten'd life prolong.

Ah! would but youth the hint pursue,
Of life they'd not be too secure;
They'd keep their latter end in view,
And calmly wait their final hour.

HOW guarded should we be when we speak to the unhappy, whose sorrow and dejection are apt to dispose the heart to interpret into an unkind and bitter sense every expression that does not breathe the greatest gentleness and affection.

“ Give me neither Riches nor Poverty.”

The PRAYER of AGAR.

O THOU, whose dictates rule this pensile ball,
 Who didst privation into being call;
 With bounteous grace thy servant's pray'r allow;
 Attend propitious to my humble vow;
 Some comfort give, that in the bounded space,
 Of human life, may cheer its fleeting race!
 Permit, great God, my happy mean to lie
 Far from indecent want, and penury.
 Restrain my open hands and ready tongue,
 From impious murmurs, and injurious wrong;
 Keep me remote from riches and their train
 Of empty pleasures, insolent and vain;
 Lest my full soul amid her flowing store,
 Forget at once her Maker, and the poor.
 Or lest the fire of youth, when I rejoice
 In wealth and grandeur, silence virtue's voice;
 Impose on reason by a poor pretence;
 Make vice for wit, and folly pass for sense;
 Unthinking whence that wit and reason flow'd.
 Can man reflect, and then forget his God?
 As thy wise bounty has dispos'd my fate,
 Above the vulgar, and below the great;
 To future years proportion'd blessings grant,
 Remov'd alike from luxury and want:
 That peaceful wishes, and desires suppress'd
 By thy eternal laws may rule my breast;
 So shall the series of my future days
 Attend thy service, and proclaim thy praise.

THAT person will best command when fortune calls,
 who knows how to obey when duty binds.

THE finest beauty, like a fresh tulip, soon withers and
 fades away; kingdoms have their times of exaltation;
 empires their ages of glory; and commonwealths those
 days in which all their grandeur shall terminate.

NO man in his wits would purchase an estate for his child at the expense of his life; why then will he do it at the price of his soul?—One must have faint ideas of future rewards and punishments thus to misplace his judgment and esteem!

WHEREIN consists the Submission of a Christian?

In a firm persuasion of mind, that nothing happens to us, but by the will and permission of God—that he loves us better than we do ourselves—and that therefore, we should acquiesce in all events, how much soever they may thwart those schemes of happiness and enjoyment which we have framed to ourselves.

WHEREIN consists our entire Dependence upon God?

In expecting, in all our dangers, temporal and spiritual, by a serious and diligent discharge of our own duty, relief from his almighty power, which is able to help us; and from his infinite goodness, which has promised to assist us: and therefore not to disquiet ourselves with the apprehensions of dangers and calamities that may never happen, or if they do, may be over-ruled to our advantage.

WHEREIN consists the Contempt of the World?

In looking on all worldly enjoyments as little and inconsiderable, meer empty nothings, in comparison of that happiness which God hath prepared for those that love him. In being content with that portion of the good things of this life, which he in mercy hath allotted for its support and accommodation.

IN all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, that if properly applied might remove the cause.

THE Arabians say, that “the wise man’s soul reposes at the root of his tongue, but the fool’s is ever dancing on the tip.”

WHEN Xenophanes was called timorous because he would not venture his money in a game at dice, " I confess," said he, " I am exceeding timorous; for I dare not do an ill thing."

NOTHING can be more ridiculous than to see a person bending under the weight of years, mimicking the sprightly airs of youth..

To the DEITY.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness in its gayest pride
My restless thoughts inflame.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
My fond desires allure:
For greater things than these from thee
My wishes would secure.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

These are the mighty things I crave;
Oh make these blessings mine;
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly resign.

WHATEVER religion has no effectual influence upon the constant course of mens lives and actions, to establish virtue, righteousness, and charity, in their whole behaviour, is a religion for which men are certainly none the better, and may very possibly be much the worse.

IT is observable that God has often called men to places of dignity and honour, when they have been busy in the honest employment of their vocation. Saul was seeking his father's asses, and David keeping his father's sheep, when called to the kingdom. The Shepherds were feeding their flocks, when they had their glorious revelation. God called the four Apostles from their fishery, and Matthew from the receipt of custom; Amos from among the herdsmen of Tekoah, Moses from keeping Jethro's sheep, and Gideon from the threshing floor, &c. God never encourages idleness; and despises not persons in the meanest employments.

WHOSOEVER thinks himself wise enough, or virtuous enough, is in a fair way never to be either. He that engages in those difficult paths, must keep in perpetual motion; there is no stopping without losing ground. He must consider, that if his undertaking be glorious, it is also laborious; that he has a strong tide to stem; which, if he does not keep resolutely advancing, will inevitably bear him down the stream.

THERE is perhaps no virtue more necessary in society, or amiable in the sight of heaven, than a dutiful and affectionate attention from children to the wants and infirmities of aged and helpless parents. This is a duty which the laws of God, of nature, and gratitude, indispensibly require of them; it is indeed but paying a debt they justly owe: and where any are so lost to a proper sense of filial obligations and true goodness, as to perform it with negligence and reluctance, they cannot expect the esteem of worthy people in this world, or have any reasonable ground to hope for happiness hereafter.

ANOTHER duty of a similar nature, is that condescending respectful behaviour due from young persons of both sexes to their teachers; and though it be not equally obligatory with the above, yet a voluntary observance of it, is not only highly pleasing to those who have the care and trouble of their education, but is ever graceful in youth, and reflects lasting credit on all in the practice of it.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE indeed alone is happiness ; this is the true portion of man : all other things, such as riches, grandeur, and the like, are as it were, foreign commodities, which, though the possession of them may afford pleasure, yet they are not absolutely necessary to life, and man may do without them.

IF we have an ambition of pleasing, we should stick close to nature ; whatever is fictitious and affected is always insipid and distasteful.

IT is not enough to be honest only so long as a man may be honest without disadvantage ; but he ought to be so at the peril of all he is worth : nor is it sufficient to be honest only so long as a man may be honest with safety, but he ought to preserve his integrity at the expense of his life.

THE best way to keep out wicked thoughts, is always to be employed in good ones. Let your thoughts be where your happiness is, and let your heart be where your thoughts are ; for though your habitation is on earth, your conversation will be in heaven.

HE who knows not how to enjoy himself when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief, but when forced to return to himself, he will be so much the more oppressed and languid.

IDLENESS has been universally reprobated by all the world. It is a maxim in the Chinese government, says Blackstone, “ That if there be a man who does not work, “ or a woman that is idle, in the Empire, some individual “ must suffer cold or hunger.”

SIMPLICITY is the natural expression of a good heart, and one of the last touches of a finished character.

RICHES may be wasted, honours lost ; but virtue is immortal.

ON lofty ~~battlements~~ and tow'rs,
 See how the swelling tempest pours ;
 While only harmless zephyrs blow
 To fan the peaceful seats below.

PEOPLE easily make false estimates of their own importance. Those whom their virtue restrains from deceiving others, are often disposed by their vanity to deceive themselves.

TO SLEEP.

AH, gentle Sleep, though on thy form impress'd,
 Death's truest, strongest, lineaments appear,
 To share my couch, thy presence I request,
 And sooth my senses with repose sincere.

Come wish'd-for rest ; then all my cares relieve,
 For at thy kind approach, all cares retire :
 Thus, without life, how sweet it is to live !
 Thus, without death, how pleasing to expire !

WHATEVER appears most amiable, lovely, or interesting in nature, art, manners, or life, originates in simplicity. What is correctness in taste, purity in morals, truth in science, grace in beauty, but simplicity ?—It is the garb of innocence. It adorned the first ages ; and still adorns the infant state of humanity.

WHAT can be more amiable, and exemplary, in the mistress of a family, than to see her wisely and readily supplying all the wants of those who depend on her assistance ; discharging, with steadiness and equity, her several domestic claims ; diffusing, by every word she speaks, and every thing she does, a spirit of moderation and decency in all around her ; and through all her conduct, and on all occasions, giving practical lectures, and affording proofs of frugality, without parsimony ; and generosity without extravagance ?

IF misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be revered; if of ill fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced. The humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

IT is more praise-worthy to leave an inheritance of honours to one's descendants, than to receive them from one's ancestors.

IT is a great and important truth, that a single moment of internal satisfaction is preferable to the immortal fame of future ages.

VERSES ON A COTTAGE.

STAY Passenger, and tho' within
No costly glittering things are seen
To captivate the eye;
Yet enter, and thy ravish'd mind
Beneath the humble roof shall find
What gold can never buy.

For in this plain commodious cell,
Calm thoughts and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere :-
While peace spreads round her downy wings,
(Oft banish'd from the courts of kings)
And fix'd her mansion here.

THE END.

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